

The TATLER

Vol. CLXXVI No. 2289

and **BYSTANDER**

London
May 9, 1945



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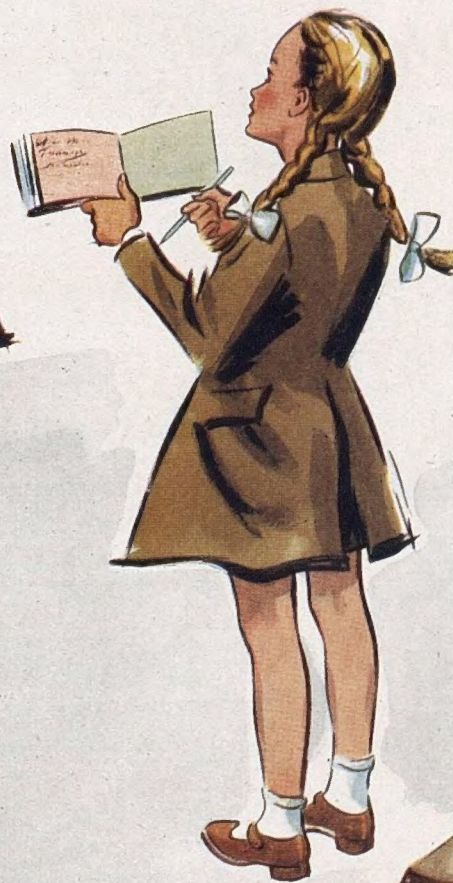
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Yevonde

Parliamentary Candidate: Lady Grant of Monymusk

Lady Grant, widow of Major Sir Arthur Lindsay Grant, Bt., has been adopted as prospective Conservative candidate for North Aberdeen in the coming election. Before her marriage in 1934, Lady Grant was Miss Priscilla Thomson, and is the younger daughter of Brigadier Alan F. Thomson, D.S.O., and Mrs. Thomson, of Craighall, Aberdeenshire. Her husband, laird of Monymusk, Aberdeenshire, was killed in action last July while serving with the Grenadier Guards, and his only brother, Francis, succeeded to the Barony. With her two little girls, ten-year-old Joanna and Anne Margaret, aged eight, Lady Grant is living at House of Monymusk. Her elder sister, Clare, is the widow of Mr. Anthony Crossley, M.P., Sir Kenneth Crossley's only son, who died in 1939



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Finale

DEATH came to Hitler in a miraculous way when Germany was in the last throes of defeat and the Third Reich which was to have thrived and developed and dominated other nations for a thousand years was in ruins. The circumstances of his death are not known at the time of writing, nor will it be possible to trust any of the facts which are allowed to emerge from any Nazi source. All that appears certain is that Hitler escaped the public humiliation which befell his friend

thought useful for future Nazi legends that he should die in the besieged capital in order to acquire the merit of being in or near the front line. But I'm certain it was not the kind of death that Hitler expected. He was a showman, even off the stage. He could not act naturally, every gesture had its meaning and was rehearsed.

Loyal

GOEBBELS was with Hitler to the end. Of the Nazis, this deformed and most clever

world. It is conceivable in my opinion that Himmler, in searching for peace at the eleventh hour, was hoping to steal Hitler's place in the hearts and minds of the German people. He more than anybody else knew what the German people were thinking, and hoping, and what they desired most. For him to have achieved this would have put him on record in German history. No matter what the ultimate cost might have been to himself—he cannot escape the penalty befitting a war criminal—there is little doubt that Himmler saw himself as the Hero of the Hour. He may pursue that role yet.

Rival

BUT Himmler forgot Admiral Doenitz, or wasn't he aware that there was likely to be a bid for power? If ever there was a sign of the chaos which exists in Germany, it is that in this hour of the Nazi Party's last extremity Admiral Doenitz should have come forward as Fuehrer. There can be little doubt therefore that Admiral Doenitz seized power at a moment



Capt. Lord Teynham, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., was at the palace to receive his D.S.O.. won for outstanding courage, leadership and skill in the Allied landings in Normandy. With him were his wife and two sons, and his sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Whitaker



Also seen leaving the palace were Maj. Richard Toller and his wife, Second Officer Diana Toller, M.B.E., W.R.N.S., both of whom were decorated by the King. Maj. Toller was awarded the M.C., and Second Officer Toller received the M.B.E.

After a Recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace

and ally Benito Mussolini. Hitler died in private, and according to Dr. Fritzsche, Goebbels's deputy, by his own hand. Thus ends an epoch of mass violence and mass suffering.

Disintegration

BEFORE Hitler's end it was possible to see the shaping of events in Germany. Desertions in high places were increasing, and everywhere there was a lack of co-ordination. All that the Generals—particularly Field-Marshal von Rundstedt—had forecast was coming true. Germany was being hopelessly overwhelmed, and there were no means of stemming the tide of the enemy. Before it became known that Heinrich Himmler had been seeking the Anglo-American terms, Lieutenant General Dittmar had crossed to the Allied lines with his sixteen-year-old son. This spokesman of the German High Command knew that the end was very near. He knew also that Hitler was at death's door. Rather than be caught in the capital by the advancing Russians, he preferred surrender and a prison camp in England.

Clue

IT is still a matter for speculation whether Hitler knew the horrid facts of Germany's approaching defeat or whether he was insane towards the end of his life. It is most likely that he was not fully aware of all that was happening, but in his parlous state it was

of them all appears to have possessed the greater courage. In those days of disintegration which preceded Hitler's death, where were Goering, Himmler, Ribbentrop, Keitel, Ley and all the lesser fry? They were not in Berlin with Goebbels and Hitler. Ribbentrop had fled, as was to be expected of this vain and cruel man on whose quick judgments and slow hatred Hitler seemed to rely for the formulation of his foreign policy. Goering was said to be mad and thus Heinrich Himmler was able to say: "I am the only sane one left." But he, like so many other people, forgot to take into account a little man called Admiral Doenitz.

Peace

HIMMLER's emergence as a man in search of peace by surrender did not surprise me as it appears to have done so many people. I have always felt that Himmler's mind would eventually work in that direction, if only in an attempt to erase from German and other minds—as well as from his own—the feeling that he was the Butcher of the Nazi Party. There's no doubt that Himmler resented that title very much. It really hurt him, and when he saw Hitler dying he seized the opportunity to contact the Allies. Some time previously he had established contact with Count Bernadotte of the Swedish Red Cross, a man who was recognized by all as impartial but, above all, one who had contacts with the outside

when Himmler was not about, and Hitler was not in a position to give any directions. If Hitler had been capable it does not seem likely that he would pass over people like Himmler or Ribbentrop or Ley in appointing his successor. They are all men of the Old Guard. Admiral Doenitz is not a politician in the sense that they are, although he may claim to be a good Party man. Obviously at the very last Hitler's clique was split wide open by jealousies and divisions, with the Generals standing on one side. Germany's last battle is on land, and only the most credulous can imagine that in Germany a sailor can ever have any authority over the army.

Future

ICANNOT imagine Admiral Doenitz in the role of Fuehrer for very long, certainly not long enough to inspire the Nazis to make a last and desperate effort. The death of Hitler was bound to sound the knell of Nazidom. He was the founder and fuehrer of a movement which sprang to life, seized power and has produced chaos out of so many victories and so many triumphs. Hitler was the Nazi Party, and with him must depart that mysticism which surrounded his person and that faith from the German people which enveloped all his actions. Last reports to reach London before Hitler's death showed that the German people had not lost their faith in Hitler. They still

believed that in the last resort he could save them. He would do something. They were childlike in their belief in this man. So at the end, when everything was going wrong, they did not blame him. Newspaper correspondents reported that they found no cursing of Hitler. The people did not blame him. It is difficult to see how the Nazi Party can be perpetuated in Germany if the leading Nazis have fallen out. While Himmler, Goering and Ribbentrop stuck together they could have appealed to Germans in the name of Hitler. But if they have quarrelled and are divided, there is no hope for Nazism in its present form. What we shall have to watch for is the Hitler legend being developed and grafted on to some new German movement. That is almost certain to happen; but I'm just as certain that the Nazi movement as we have known it is dead.

Violent

BENITO MUSSOLINI was just as much a show-man as Hitler, if not more so. He delighted

in acts of physical prowess. He was for ever taking physical exercises, swimming, horse-back riding, fencing. Whereas Hitler was more of a student and a physically lazy man who would lie abed for hours. In these circumstances it is difficult to decide which of the two could be more aptly described as a sawdust Caesar. I believe that this was probably Mussolini's title by right, yet he managed to maintain his horrible Fascist regime, with its cruel persecutions and its record of crime against humanity, almost twice as long as Hitler's Nazi movement remained in power. Mussolini's ambition was more criminal than Hitler's, for at no time had he the means or the organization to fulfil his vain ideas.

Whatever else is said of Hitler, he did become the head of a strong and purposeful nation. Mussolini's Italy was always weak, inefficient and ill-organized. Yet his ambition was unbridled. It broke out suddenly. -For some years he was content to sit back and organize Italy and modernize a naturally backward country. In the realm of domestic

affairs he made some welcome and long overdue reforms. But it was when he began to cast his eyes beyond the shores of Italy and to dream old and forgotten Roman dreams that he went wrong. He imagined that the democracies were weak and decadent. He did not hesitate to sneer at the youth of Britain. Step by step he was goaded to the most extravagant notions until he out-reached his strength. Italy just was not strong enough to undertake the martial responsibilities which Mussolini's ambitions demanded.

Now the Italian people have had their revenge. Mussolini was always nervous of the reactions of the people of Milan. In the days immediately before the outbreak of the European war the Duce rarely visited Milan. He knew that his enemies were lying in wait for him there, and that one day they would get him. Mussolini's end was shabby, humiliating, and degrading. But it was the end he deserved. For it was the judgment of the Italian people whom he had held in bondage for so long.

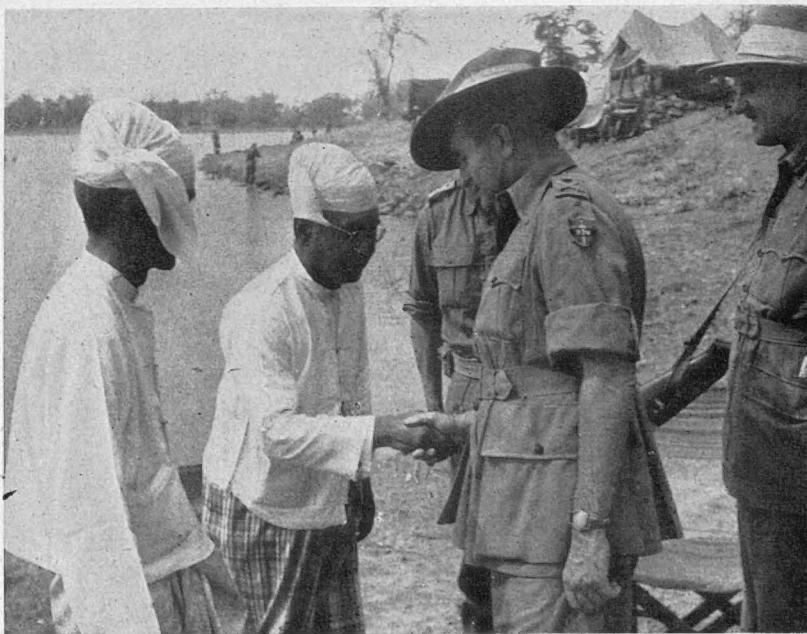


The Road Through Mandalay: Some Commanders Who Were There

Lt.-Gen. Sir M. G. N. Stopford commands the 3rd Indian Corps with the 14th Army. He was awarded the K.B.E. in September

Commanding the 20th Division with the 14th Army is Major-General Douglas Gracey, who is seen in this picture

Above is Major-General Wynford, who commands the 19th Division. He was at one time secretary to the Governor of Burma



Historic Meetings As The British Forces Advance Towards Rangoon

A meeting of two brothers took place at Fort Dufferin. They were Major-General Nicholson and Lt.-Col. R. A. F. Nicholson. Gen. Nicholson commands the 2nd Division

Lt.-Gen. Sir William Slim, commander of the 14th Army, shook hands with U. Aung Gyaw, once district commissioner for Meiktila. The General was visiting troops in the area to congratulate them on their successes

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

Oscar Wilde: A New Judgment

By James Agate

ACCORDING to Robert Ross, Oscar Wilde "never regarded his works as an adequate expression of his extraordinary genius and his magnificent intellectual endowment." And in *De Profundis* Wilde wrote: "The gods had given me almost everything. I had genius, a distinguished name, high social position, brilliancy, intellectual daring; I made art a philosophy and philosophy an art; I altered the minds of men, and the colours of things . . . whatever I touched I made beautiful in a new mode of beauty . . . I awoke the imagination of my century so that it created myth and legend around me. I summed up all systems in a phrase and all existence in an epigram."

LET us look into these extravagant claims. Genius? Wilde was a magnificent talker and a superb wit, and perhaps one mustn't complain that the wit all came from the same fount. A Jew, on being asked whether his dinner-table could accommodate twelve persons, answered: "Yes. God forbid!" And in

the sense that all Jewish jokes are a form of this joke, so all Wilde's jokes are basically epicene.

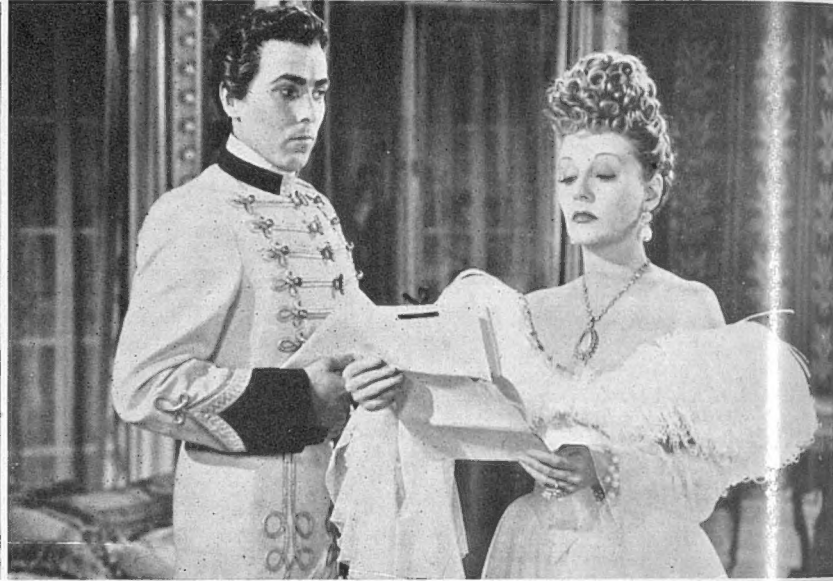
The "distinguished name" and "high social position"—neither of which Wilde possessed—were pegs for a snobbery of the worst type; the photographs show him to have been inseparable from top hat and fur coat with an unhappy leaning towards astrakhan. Of the "intellectual daring" I see no trace. He could rattle about the philosophy of art in an amateurish way, but to say that he "altered the minds of men" is just nonsense. As for "the new mode of beauty," one might say that he touched nothing that he did not chichify. "Myth and legend"? Gilbert's Bunthorne is the answer. In another place Wilde alluded to himself as "a lord of language." He was that very different thing—the fine lady of the purple passage.

A PART from his wit, Wilde was entirely bogus. The words "art" and "artist" appear on almost every page of his writings;

scented output. All the world known to O.W. was what Pinero's Cayley Drummle called "our little parish of St. James's." He was a borrower, and his show pieces about jewels and such-like—how he would have hated the last two words!—were lifted from the French. The atmosphere of *Salomé* was taken straight from Maeterlinck. He was a fifth-rate poet with one first-class ballad to his credit. His Sonnet to Irving ends with the astounding image:

Thou trumpet set for Shakespeare's lips to blow
Wry-necked fife, yes. Trumpet, no. The plays? He wrote the wittiest light comedy in the language; the other pieces are stilted, wholly insincere society melodramas redeemed, possibly, by their wit.

IF it were true that Wilde "altered the mentality of his age" then that could have been written of him which was written of Swinburne: "He was to young men everywhere an intoxication and a passion, awakening half-formed desires, hidden longings and impulses, and secret enthusiasms, and wielding sway more imperiously over heart and sense and soul than any other man of his time did over the intellect or the reason of his disciples." Would one have written that of Wilde? Perhaps. But in the



"*Czarina*" is described as frankly fictional. It tells a story remote from the bounds of truth but still possible if historic tales of Catherine are to be believed. It concerns itself with the love affair of the Empress with a young cavalry officer, Alexi Chernoff (William Eythe). Alexi's arrival at the Royal Palace creates turmoil for a time, some heartbreak and finally a minor revolution. He is seen above, left, with Anna, the Empress's Lady-in-Waiting and his fiancée (Anne Baxter), and the Palace Chancellor (Charles Coburn) and, right, with the Empress (Tallulah Bankhead)



Tomorrow night at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, Tallulah Bankhead, darling of the early twenties, makes her screen comedy debut as Catherine in the Twentieth Century-Fox production "*Czarina*." In the off-the-set picture above, producer Ernst Lubitsch talks over the film's possibilities with director Otto Preminger and star Tallulah Bankhead

yet he knew very little about the arts. In the matter of pictures Whistler was constantly putting him right. In the matter of music Wilde could make one of his characters say: "And now, let me play Chopin to you, or Dvorak? Shall I play you a fantasy by Dvorak?" He writes passionate, curiously coloured things. No person with any knowledge of music could have written that. About his own profession he could write: "From the point of view of literature Mr. Kipling is a genius who drops his aspirates. From the point of view of life, he is a reporter who knows vulgarity better than any one has ever known it. Dickens knew its clothes and its comedy. Mr. Kipling knows its essence and its seriousness. He is our first authority on the second-rate, and has seen marvellous things through keyholes, and his backgrounds are real works of art."

The truth is, of course, that there is more knowledge of life in six pages of Dickens or Kipling than in the whole of Wilde's

sense that the young men to whom he was an intoxication were of the oddest kind.

IT is just to the makers of *The Picture of Dorian Gray* (Empire) to say that they have cut out most of the nonsense. That they have forbidden to present Lord Henry Wotton with his "low, musical voice, and the graceful wave of the hand that was always so characteristic of him, and that he had even in his Eton days." And they have been wise. Dickens and Kipling have been mentioned; perhaps Mr. Albert Lewin, who directed, asked himself what Trabb's boy, or Stalky, or even America's Andy Hardy would make of a man saying to one much his junior: "You with your rose-red youth and your rose-white boyhood, you have had passions that have made you afraid, thoughts that have filled you with terror, day-dreams and sleeping dreams whose mere memory might stain your cheek with shame."

But all of Lord Henry couldn't be deleted;



"The Picture of Dorian Gray" in its film version follows as closely as possible, within the limits of celluloid, the original work of Oscar Wilde. Dorian Gray is portrayed by Hurd Hatfield, Lord Henry Wotton by George Sanders. In the pictures above Dorian is seen (left) playing the piano in the East End theatre where he meets Sibyl Vane (Angela Lansbury) and, centre, gazing coldly and callously at the dead body of his former friend Basil Hallward (Lowell Gilmore). On the right Lord Henry Wotton listens to the news brought by David Stone (Peter Lawford) of Dorian's strange secret. Gladys Hallward, the one good influence in Dorian's life, is played by Donna Reed

George Sanders, condemned to present what was left, did so in a manner suggesting a book-maker in his Ascot toggery doubled by Svengali. Dorian Gray himself? What could any self-respecting young actor make of a character with "cool, white, flower-like hands" and the habit of "burying his face in great, cool lilac-blossoms, feverishly drinking in their perfume as if it had been wine"? And what about that face? "What the invention of oil-paintings was to the Venetians, the face of Antinous to late Greek sculpture, the face of Dorian will some day be to me," says the painter Basil Hallward. And his creator describes him as "wonderfully handsome with his finely curved scarlet lips, his frank blue eyes, his crisp gold hair." Some of us wistled, some of us quoted to ourselves

Browning's "What's become of all the gold?" when the screen disclosed this young Hollywood actor, dark of hair, sad of countenance—sad in the pastry sense—and looking generally as though he were not the master but the footman.

I TAKE leave to suggest here that if Mr. Hurd Hatfield wants to have any success with me or any of my generation he must at once change his name, which is much too reminiscent of Mr. Hardfur Huttie, "that clever writer for the American papers," whom Mr. and Mrs. Pooter met at dinner at Mr. Franching's, and whose table-talk has been miraculously preserved. "Happy medium, indeed. Do you know 'happy medium' are two words which mean 'miserable mediocrity'?" I say,

go first class or third; marry a duchess or her kitchen-maid. The happy medium means respectability, and respectability means insipidness." And again: "We have no representative at Mr. Franching's table of the unlightened frivolous matron, who goes to a second class dance in Bayswater and fancies she is in Society." No wonder that Mr. Pooter held Mr. Hardfur Huttie to be a marvellously intelligent man, "with a habit of saying things which from other people would seem quite alarming." What book am I quoting from? *The Diary of a Nobody*, of course. Wilde's tragedy was a double one. He believed in the Dorian Grays, who, even if they existed, were not to survive the nineties, and could not believe in the Lupin Pooters, who existed then, and are alive today and for ever.



Gracie Fields and Monty Woolley are together again in "Molly and Me," the story of an unemployed actress (Gracie Fields) who is forced by lack of work to take a housekeeper's position in the home of a stubborn, disgruntled recluse (Monty Woolley). The arrangement is surprisingly successful, so much so that we soon have the disgruntled old gentleman transformed into a thoroughly human person in sympathy with his growing son, Jimmy (Roddy McDowall), and the perfect understanding of his housekeeper's difficulties

Charles Laughton is a middle-aged London tobacconist, Philip Marshall, in "The Suspect." Lonely and unhappy with a nagging wife, Philip finds his only happiness with his young assistant Mary (Ella Raines). In order to marry her, Philip murders his wife. The curiosity of neighbours arouses the suspicions of the police and Philip having had his first taste of crime, is soon involved in a second murder. He decides to leave England for Canada with Mary, but police intervention is just in time and Philip is forced to pay the penalty for his crimes

The Theatre

"Perchance To Dream" (London Hippodrome)

MR. IVOR NOVELLO has become our No. 1 specialist in stage glamour. Give him a great stage and where is his rival in the gentle art of packing it with glamour and nothing but glamour? Emulators may be imagined losing their nerve when they notice that inspiration is running short of wit. They have not the secret of Mr. Novello's formula. He dispenses altogether with wit; yet holds his fashionable audience enchanted for hours on end. There is no getting at the formula by ingenuities of critical analysis (his shows turn critics into descriptive reporters), but it is obviously dependent on the belief that every period of history except our own has been a time of all-pervading prettiness and quaintness. That is a pleasant thing to believe. There is nothing in which men are more prone to believe than in a golden age, and they hold it as something of a grievance that historians so often seek to alloy this innocent pleasure. A Georgian play written by a Georgian man, say *The Rivals* by Sheridan, is apt to be neither pretty nor quaint, but then Sheridan was too near the scene to catch the enchantment which distance lends to Mr. Novello's Georgianism. And if the period should shift forward to Victorian days Mr. Novello steps back neatly to preserve the same enchanting distance. There is little to choose in picturesqueness between his Georgianism and his Victorianism. Thus, by never failing to re-gild our tarnished illusions, he may be said to fortify faith in the golden age.

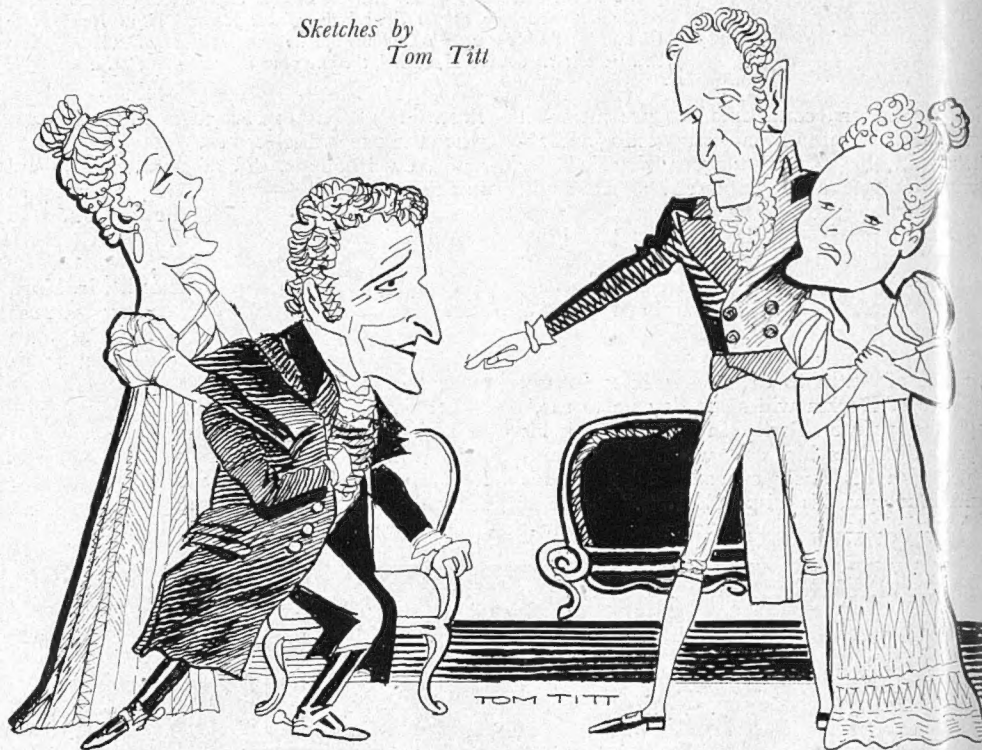
THE vital requirement of every golden age is, of course, that the usual effects do not follow causes. The Regency buck who in the present show owns "Huntersmoon," the ancient house for which two branches of his family dispute, is a notorious debauchee, but, as Mr. Novello

presents him, he is not to outward appearance debauched. There is no more gracefully handsome figure on the stage. He is a cad, for he wagers £5,000 that he will seduce his unknown cousin who is to visit "Huntersmoon," yet instantly responsive to innocence when it beautifully arrives. As Miss Roma Beaumont slowly descends the grand staircase the electrically lighted candles of the eighteenth-century mansion momentarily darken, as the shirt studs of the famous Duke of Dorset were wont to change from pearl to ruby, to signify that a pure love has entered into possession. Or do they wink? In the passing dimness, at all events, Mr. Novello may be described catching his breath and going through the motions of a great love at first sight. When we hear that the little cousin has been robbed by a highwayman of a bracelet with at least £5,000 we may think what we like, but nothing can shake our comfortable faith in the powerlessness of the usual effects to follow their causes.



The Elopement: a rollicking number is put over in tremendous style by Olive Gilbert as Mrs. Bridport and Dunstan Hart as the Vicar

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Indictment of a highwayman brings consternation to the hearts of mistress Lydia (Muriel Barron) and lovesick cousin Melinda (Roma Beaumont). Ivor Novello plays Sir Graham Rodney, famous roué and ne'er-do-well, Robert Andrews, his self-righteous cousin, William, whose word finally convicts Graham of robbery with violence on the King's highway



The Last Word as uttered by Lady Charlotte Fayre (Margaret Rutherford) has a finality beyond dispute. Here is a magnificent performance

If the spendthrift owner of "Huntersmoon" has been propping up his estate by robbing stage coaches, his pretty cousin will not be the loser. There is a highly romantic scene in her bedroom while the masked gentleman with the familiar voice and still more familiar profile restores the bracelet and with a single kiss seals the great love which has come too late. Too late, for he must needs go out and rob another stage coach, wounding the postilion and himself receiving a tell-tale wound. How can he escape the gallows? Only by dying as a Regency hero should, on the terrace of his house amid awestruck friends and enemies, reproaching himself with such manly pathos that nobody except his grasping heir believes a word that he says.

THE Victorian scenes which carry on the family struggle for the old house have not quite as much romantic edge, but they introduce some charmingly quaint stage pictures, and the ballets are a little more happily inspired than the one which delighted the Regency lords and ladies. But if the general atmosphere of the piece has less charm than that of its predecessor, *The Dancing Years*, the music, though no less derivative, is pleasanter. Miss Muriel Barron, Miss Beaumont and Mr. Novello himself give its songs a good send-off on their long journey round the world, and Miss Margaret Rutherford restrains herself with difficulty from acting every one else off the stage.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

War in the Desert

The Adventures of an Eighth Army
Patrol On the Road to Tripoli



Scott: "Had this girl fair hair and very blue eyes?"

Palmer: "You knew her too?"

War correspondent Captain Davies arrives at an advanced base with a letter for Captain Palmer from a girl in Cairo. Captain Scott recognises the handwriting as that of his wife (Norman Williams, Richard Greene, Manning Whiley)



Scott: "Blessed are the peacemakers, because they shall be called the children of God. . . ."

Their jeeps destroyed by the enemy, the advance party, disguised as Arabs, are forced to continue their journey through the desert on foot. Wounded and exhausted, Captain Scott is delirious, his brain haunted by the death of one of his men

Just as the Desert Rats hit the headlines once more, plunging deeply into the heart of Germany, Captain Colin Morris's play in their honour opened at the Adelphi Theatre under the auspices of Mr. Henry Sherek. Captain Morris is himself a Desert Rat, and although he managed to be in London for the first night, he is now once more back in the front line. His central figure, Captain Scott, is played by film-star Richard Greene, who was recently invalided out of the 27th Lancers, R.A.C. He gives a fine performance as a courageous but embittered young soldier who, with but a handful of men, and against overwhelming odds, blazes the trail three hundred miles across the desert to Tripoli

Photographs by John Vickers



Hope: "To-night, when the moon gets up, we are going to send out a patrol in three jeeps to Tripoli"

Major Adrian Lloyd-Hope (Ian Colin) gives his officers their orders to mark out the road to Tripoli



England: "Are they attacking, Sir?"

Hope: "They might make the attempt"

The three jeeps have set off. Soon afterwards a number of explosions in neighbouring villas are heard by Major Lloyd-Hope and his batman, England (Larry Noble)



Scott: "Listen to the pipes and imagine you're a Jock . . . we've been in the lead all the way, are we going to get beaten on the post?"

Captains Scott and Palmer (Richard Greene, Manning Whiley), left as dead by the enemy, hear the pipes. They stagger to their feet. "Make way for the cavalry," Scott cries as, half-carrying his companion, the two go out to meet the advancing British



The Queen's Niece Married

Mr. Edward Wilfrid George Joicey-Cecil, only surviving son of the late Col. Lord John Joicey-Cecil and of Lady John Joicey-Cecil, married Miss Rosemary Bowes-Lyon, only daughter of the late Capt. the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon and of Lady Christian Martin, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The Queen and Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret were present



Liberated from Oflag 79

Capt. the Hon. Philip Kindersley, Coldstream Guards, was taken prisoner in North Africa in January 1943. Liberated by the Allied advance, he recently arrived in London, and is seen here with his wife and son, Gay. Capt. Kindersley is the second son of Lord Kindersley, and married Valerie Lady Brougham and Vaux in 1936

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

Back in London

AFTER spending a few days in the country—during which he celebrated with the Queen the twenty-second anniversary of their marriage—His Majesty returned to town just as the news of the historic link-up between our American and Russian allies came through.

Before leaving the country, the King invested Mr. Charles Pelham Welby with the insignia

of a Commander of the Royal Victorian Order. Mr. Pelham Welby has had charge of the King's estates at Sandringham all through the war, while Mr. William Fellowes, the permanent Royal Land Agent, has been away on active service with the Scots Guards, and he has, with the King's sanction, and often at His Majesty's own suggestion, made a large number of alterations and improvements in the Royal Norfolk

farms, with a consequent increase in food production. The famous flower-gardens at Sandringham House, a national show-piece in pre-war days, have, under these plans, disappeared for the time being and been transformed into vegetable plots.

Wedding

THE Queen came up to town with the King in order to attend the wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of her niece, Miss Rosemary Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the Queen's brother the Hon. Fergus Bowes-Lyon, who was killed at Loos in 1915. Princess Elizabeth, in soft grey, as she was off-duty from the A.T.S., and Princess Margaret, in grey tweeds, accompanied their mother, who was in a coat and dress of lilac, with a straw hat dyed to the same shade. Miss Bowes-Lyon's bridegroom was Mr. Edward Wilfrid George Joicey-Cecil, son of the late Lord John Joicey-Cecil, and Lady John Joicey-Cecil. Her half-brother, Lt. Nigel Martin, of the Grenadier Guards, gave her away, and his sister, Miss Elizabeth Martin, was one of the four bridesmaids, with her two cousins, Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon and Miss Margaret Elphinstone, and Miss Elizabeth Kerr. Many members of the Queen's family, including Lord and Lady Elphinstone, were among the guests.

One piece of family news which Her Majesty received recently is that her nephew, Lord Leveson, has been slightly wounded during the fighting in Italy. Lord Leveson, who is twenty-seven and a bachelor, is son and heir of Earl Granville, Governor of the Isle of Man, whose wife is a sister of the Queen. He is serving with the Coldstream Guards, and has already been mentioned in dispatches.

Theatrical Double

SNOW showers and an icy wind were provided by the clerk of the weather for the second flat-race meeting at Windsor, in contrast to the first meeting, which was held during the early heat-wave. In spite of the weather, however, a big crowd was there. The draw of the afternoon was the first appearance this year of the two "classic" fillies from Beckhampton, Mr. Fred Darling's Isle of Capri, which Gordon Richards had chosen to ride, and Mr. John Dewar's Neola, with Elliott up, who met in the Castle Plate. Isle of Capri started an odds-on favourite but finished last, and the race was won by Mr. Jack Hylton's Elysium, with Wildfell second and Neola third. Mr. Hylton saw his horse win and received many congratulations. This completed a double for the theatrical world and for Vic Smyth's stable, as Treasury, which is owned by Vic Oliver and trained in the same stable, had previously won the Victoria Handicap.



Two Recent Engagements

Harlip

Miss Synolda Butler is engaged to Capt. Atholl Duncan, M.C., R.A., son of the late Mr. Walter Duncan and of Mrs. Duncan, of Praehill House, Gorhambury Park, St. Albans. She is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Dunboyne, of Vale House, Clewer, Windsor

Lady Jean Bruce, second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Elgin and Kincardine, of Broomhall, Dunfermline, Fife, has announced her engagement to Capt. David Wemyss, Royal Signals, elder son of Capt. and Lady Victoria Wemyss

People There

THREE regulars I saw consulting their race-cards together were the Earl of Carnarvon; Miss Monica Sherriffe and the Hon. "Cardie" Montague. The Hon. Mrs. Dermot Daly and the Hon. Mrs. Gwynne Morgan-Jones were chatting to Capt. and Mrs. Brian Rootes, the latter wearing a smart white fur Cossack cap with her tweed suit. Lady Petre was watching the horses go down, with Mrs. Byass; the Duchess of Westminster was commiserating on the cold with Lady Marks, who was accompanied by her daughter Hannah. Countess Orsich

was in the paddock with Mr. Wordsworth, who is in the Blues, and her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ian Henderson, a recent bride, who was wearing a most sensible white sheepskin coat with a hood attached, which looked very cosy.

Sir Francis and Lady Towle had come over from their house near Ascot, and received many congratulations on the news just published that Lady Towle's elder son, Major-General C. E. N. Lomax, after two years' service in Burma has been given a new appointment in India.

Lady Stanley of Alderley and Mr. Bobby Sweeney were sitting together in the stand, out

of the cold wind; Princess Pavlovsky was another there; Mrs. Thin, a bride of last summer, looked very attractive with a gay handkerchief round her hair and a long skunk coat over her red suit; Mrs. Bernard Rubin accompanied Lord Stavordale to the paddock; and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn, who has now recovered from her riding accident, was watching some of the racing with Sir Robert Throckmorton. Sir Humphrey de Trafford was accompanied by his pretty debutante daughter Catherine, who, like her elder sisters, Mrs. Parker-Bowles and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, is very keen on racing.

(Concluded on page 170)



Major J. P. T. Boscawen was dining out with his wife at the Mirabell. He married Lady Mary Graham, the Duke of Montrose's elder daughter, in 1931



Occupying a table for two at one of London's favourite restaurants were Brig. G. Chatterton and Mrs. Granville White



Lt. Alexander Beattie entertained Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill at the Bagatelle. She is the Duke of Marlborough's second daughter



Major and Mrs. Timothy Tufnell were dining together. He is in the Grenadier Guards, and married Miss Pamela Parker just a year ago



Lt. H. L. G. Clements, U.S. Army, had dinner at the Mirabell with Major and Mrs. Edward Wagg. He is the holder of the American Silver Star



Miss Pauline Jackson sat in a corner of the Bagatelle with Capt. the Hon. J. G. Canning beside her. He is Lord Garvaghs son

Photographs at Bagatelle and Mirabell by Swaebc

Food and Thought: The Camera in Two Favourite London Restaurants



A Play of the Eighth Army

At the first night of "Desert Rats," at the Adelphi, Gen. Sir Ronald Adam (right) and Viscount Hardinge had Lady Adam between them. Gen. Sir Ronald Adam has been Adjutant-General to the Forces since 1941



Also at the Adelphi were Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Sir Piers Legh, Master of the King's Household, and Col. T. E. G. Nugent, Extra Equerry to His Majesty, both of whom seemed to be enjoying the show

Straube

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

Good News

MAJOR D'AVIGDOR-GOLDSMID came over to Windsor from the Staff College, where he is doing a course. He is in the 4/7th Dragoon Guards, and, like his elder brother, Sir Henry d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, has won the M.C. in this war. Mrs. Philip Hill, looking very nice in navy blue, was enjoying some well-earned relaxation from her work as chairman of the Red Cross Jewel Sales Committee, which has raised the magnificent sum of over £200,000 for the Red Cross since the committee was formed in 1942. Major Harry Misa was talking to Mrs. Peter Herbert and delighted to hear the good news that Major "Copper" Blackett, who is in the Queen's Bays, had been freed from a P.O.W. camp and had arrived in London that morning. Major Blackett is Sir Hugh Blackett's son and heir.

Capt. Hector Christie, the Marquis of Zetland's son-in-law, who was taken prisoner in 1940, had also arrived in England a few days earlier, and there were similar good tidings of

Major Peter Dollar and Capt. the Hon. Philip Kindersley.

Liberal National Reception

LORD AND LADY ROSEBERY are more familiar figures at race meetings than in the political world. However, they came to Town for the Liberal National Conference, and after the opening session were host and hostess at a reception to the members in the Grosvenor House ballroom. Lady Rosebery looked very handsome in her all-black dress, enlivened by sparkling diamanté bands on the bodice and sleeves. Her little toque of ostrich feathers was very smart, and it seemed as if most of the women had put on their "best bonnets." Lady Shakespeare wore a tiny little thing, apparently consisting of white buttercups; Mrs. William Mabane had a froth of red ostrich-feathers masquerading as a hat, and Lady Teviot a cap with a huge black bow in front. Other smart women were Lady Ennisdale, Lady (Henry) Price, with a little cap of brick-red curly cock-feathers; Lady Suenson-Taylor, in semi-evening dress, as she was off to a dinner-party, and Lady Abertay, also hatless, who brought her eldest daughter. Lord and Lady Simon helped the Roseberys to receive, and, indeed, there seemed quite a lot doing this, for one shook

hands with Lady Runciman, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Brown and Lord Teviot, too, on arrival.

Another "Double"

AN outstanding double event in the theatrical world takes place on May 14th, when Noel Coward is to make a personal appearance on the West End stage to welcome back one of the most exotic and glamorous highlights of pre-war London, Paris and New York—Josephine Baker. (Picture on page 184.)

Now Sous-Lieutenant, Auxiliaire Feminine—the French equivalent of the W.A.A.F.—Josephine Baker is here to help her beloved France at a gala concert in aid of the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers, the official French welfare organisation in Great Britain.

The A.V.F. were the first to send supplies to France after D-Day, and have during the war years done a great deal of practical work in this country, organising hostels, canteens, rest and hospitality centres for the Fighting French, as well as such things as day nurseries and comforts funds to care for their children and dependents. Their work has brought many English and French people together in close sympathy, and the organisation has done much to strengthen warm ties of friendship between the two countries.



In Aid of the Association of Friends of the French Volunteers

Under the chairmanship of Lady Ashley, a distinguished committee has been formed in support of a gala variety concert to be given at the Cambridge Theatre, on May 14th, in aid of the Association. Lady Ashley is seen here with Madame Massigli, wife of the French Ambassador



Chatting together were Mrs. Oswald Birley, wife of the well-known portrait-painter, Mrs. Stern and Mrs. Rex Benson. Many celebrated artists are to take part in the gala concert, among whom is Josephine Baker, while Noel Coward and Sir Cedric Hardwicke have promised to appear

Straube

Family Album



Mrs. Steer is the widow of the late Lt.-Col. G. L. Steer, the well-known author and war correspondent, who was killed while on active service in Burma last year. She has two children, George and Caroline. Mrs. Steer is the younger daughter of Sir Sidney Barton, former British Minister in Addis Ababa, and of the late Lady Barton, C.B.E.



Mrs. Arthur Tudor Darley, seen with her daughter Brione, is the wife of Lt.-Cdr. Tudor Darley, who is at present serving with the Far Eastern Fleet in the Pacific. Cdr. Darley is the only son of the late Cdr. Darley, a grandson of Major-Gen. Sir Henry May and a cousin of Lord Wynford

Photographs by
Marcus Adams,
Tunbridge and
Yevonde



S/Ldr. and Mrs. Brendon O'Hagan are seen with their two daughters, Elisabeth and Jennifer, and their infant son. Mrs. O'Hagan is the daughter of the late Sir William Dupree, and Lady Dupree. S/Ldr. O'Hagan is at present serving at an R.A.F. Station in Wales



Mrs. Cavendish, who was before her marriage in 1940 Miss Diana Ryle, is the wife of S/Ldr. Henry Cavendish, R.A.F., of Crackmarsh Hall, Uttoxeter, Staffs. They have one son, William, born in December 1940. Mrs. Cavendish is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster Abbey

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

No woman who has ever been married to Sacha Guitry, a chap in Paris once told us, could regret a fascinating experience. This remark came back to us on reading that Guitry's first wife, Charlotte Lysès, has just been deprived of civic rights for taking a German radio job during the occupation.

Most children of the Muses are hell to live with simply because they are driven mad day and night by editors, publishers (and their narks), agents, critics, and very often the hamfaced public in addition. Sacha Guitry's career having been one long golden success in the Parisian theatre since the age of 9, his wives have had a grand time, finding their hands kissed politely by Guitry and doors constantly opened for them, instead of merely having parcels hung on them with a sour grunt, as is usually the case. On the other hand we should remember that most smart British hostesses detest literary boys' wives, so they have to leave them at home with some useful task, or maybe a crossword puzzle, to occupy them. This brings us naturally to the case of Browning (Robert), if you're still attending.

Contretemps

BROWNING is one of the few British literary boys with a good heart, and he took Mrs. Browning everywhere. An ideal literary union in fact, except when

Mrs. Browning suddenly published *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. This made for friction at breakfast-time, owing to Dark Suspicions.

"Any more sonnets from the boy-friend?"

"What boy-friend?"

"That Portuguese."

"No."

"Marmalade."

(Crunch, crunch, crunch.)

"In the sardine-trade, I suppose?"

"Who?"

"Your Portuguese."

"No."

"Coffee."

(Gulp, gulp, gulp.)

One day Browning tumbled to it that his wife's sonnets were simply from the Portuguese language; so there was big trouble with a firm of private detectives who had been soaking Browning two guineas a day for shadowing a Senhor Pinheiro, a traveller in linseed oil, innocent as the babe unborn. Next day Browning said to Tennyson, rubbing his hands:

"Old boy, my Little Woman is as White——"

"—— as the Driven Snow," said Tennyson testily.

That's the drawback of having friends in the racket; they complete your best phrases for you, the swabs.



"That's what they said in the shop, dear—
'fashion dictates a victory mood'"

Celtiana

WITH the appearance of the first Scottish Nationalist M.P. at Westminster it is dawning on the populace, apparently, that the Scots have a bitter longstanding grievance.

As a fellow-Celt we feel it serves the Scots right. They had their last golden chance in 1745 and chucked it away through dithering and jealousy just as it was turning into an obvious walkover. The hairy and bellicose Jacobites of Wales were ready to rise under Sir Watkin Williams-Wynn as the Scots left Derby and help paste the slats out of the mercenaries of Hanover. We can see their flaming eyes and bandy legs from here, bless their hearts. They spoke the same eloquent poetic tongue as the Highlanders, too. Tam and plast you whateffer! Py Cot what pastart has cot my pest poots? Coot cracious what pluttly impecile——! The Welch alone would have gone through those drunk Guards at Finchley—see Hogarth's cartoon—like a bullet through a cheese. But no. The Scots fozzled it, the horrible men, and all was lost (including, a little later, the American Colonies). May the Red Dew of Morgan ap Grffychrwr rot their sporrans.

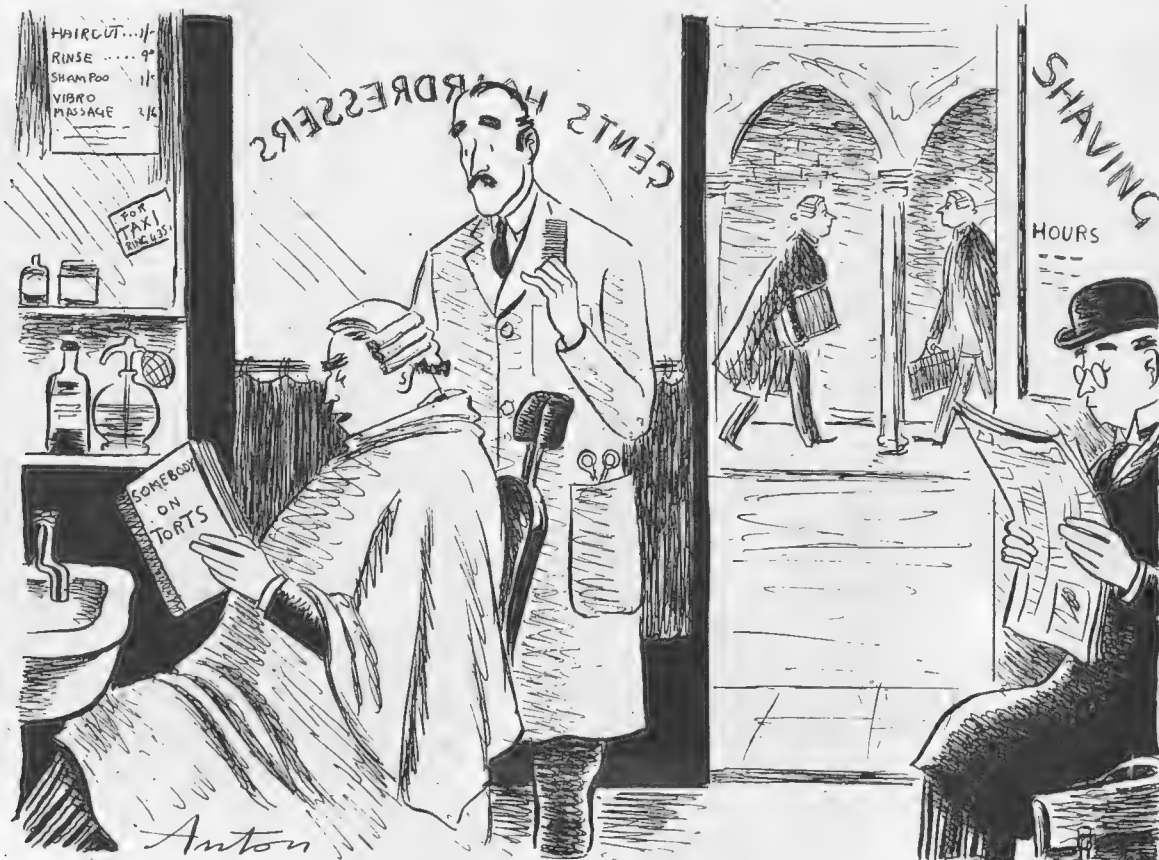
Reprieve

HOWEVER, the Scots may ultimately get what they want in a mild way. They have gone rather *piano* since the 1920's, when there was talk in Edinburgh among the wild poets of snatching the Stone of Scone and the Sword of Bruce and the Sunday pants of Ramsay MacDonald and a few more precious relics. Even so they hit with exquisite precision on what the English wouldn't very much mind losing, whereas if they'd thought of kidnapping Charlie Chaplin during his last State visit the English would have risen as one man, roaring for blood. For Heaven's sake let's think of something quiet.

Chile

JUST to be "awkward," or "difficult," nobody took any notice whatsoever of a wonderful

(Concluded on page 174)



"Leave it fairly full at the sides, please"



Viscount and Viscountess Tarbat in London

Liberated After Nearly Five Years' Captivity



Lady Tarbat with Her Daughters

Viscount Tarbat Re-United with His Family

● Major Viscount Tarbat, Seaforth Highlanders, heir of the Countess of Cromartie, was taken prisoner at St. Valery in June 1940. He and his fellow-prisoners were liberated by the American First Army in Bavaria, where they had been moved by the Germans from another camp near Cassell. He was photographed with his wife and daughters, Gillian and Julia, shortly after his arrival at a reception camp in Southern England. Lady Tarbat, formerly Miss Dorothy Downing, of Kentucky, works as a section head at the American Broadcasting Service. Their two little girls are aged eleven and nine years



Bicycling to Work

Photographs by Brodrick Vernon

Standing By ...

(Continued)

lyrical-emotional, semi-theological exhortation from the *Daily Snoop*, calling on the Race to blaze forth in a myriad uncurtained lights the night the blackout was lifted. And quite rightly. Curtains are made to veil the mysteries of the Island home.

There was one good pre-war reason for leaving curtains undrawn, as every South Kensington aboriginal knows, and that was to show the public you habitually dressed for dinner. One sometimes caught curious glimpses of the local sex-life as well. We remember passing a house in Queen's Gate one summer night and seeing an obvious County cricketer qualifying for the Polar Medal (white ribbon) by making frigid passes at a typical Queen's Gate deb. The temperature in that drawing-room was so many degrees under zero that the statue of Shackleton by the Royal Geographical Society shivered as we went by under the Arctic moon.

Apropos the R.G.S., our spies report that they still hand out the Polar Medal in such cases very sparingly, and only after strict inquiry.

"You say you eventually kissed her and all your toes fell off and you turned blue. What then?"

"Her mother entered and examined me through a lorgnette, and I noticed ice on the pelmets."

"Did you make any complaint?"

"I said: 'Esmé has given me frostbite,' and her mother said: 'Esmé has been very carefully brought up,' and swept out. I then noticed one of my ears had come off."

"I'm afraid we can't give you the Medal for that."

(Here some discussion ensues on the case of a major who was carried out of a house in Kensington Gore frozen to death after embracing a tall shy girl named Yvonne. He got a posthumous Polar Medal and his people keep it in a glass case. Finally the President picks up his pen.)

"We award you a small bronze replica of the Arlberg badge of the Kandahar Ski Club, with a signed photograph of Hugh Kingsmill. Next applicant, please."

You didn't know lovemaking in South Kensington was affiliated to the Winter Sports racket? The Public Schools Alpine Sports Club had it done in 1925.

Dawn

BEAMING on an Oslo meeting like somebody's Uncle Fred from the YMCA, Major Quisling cried a few days ago: "We shall win!" How typically Nordic, we thought indulgently. For two pins he'd have led 'em in song.

Slow thinkers but sure, are your true Nordic types. Evidently a man told Major Quisling in 1939 that the Germans would win. The Major has just caught up with the idea, you observe. If the man had then added "This is a joke," we'd hear Quisling laughing heartily, if still alive, somewhere about 1955. Slow but sure. Even a stooge Variety Hour audience can't beat that—or can it? We have a theory about BBC stooge audiences. You heard that great roar of mirth in Variety Hour last week? Our theory is that that roar was an audience getting round at last to a joke heard on a crystal set from Savoy Hill in the autumn of 1924. BBC talent-scouts go round hand-picking 'em, maybe. Well, Mr. Gizzick, would you care to join our happy little party next



"You can't go back for your toothbrush now, Johnson—you'll have to wait"

Saturday night? Just laugh a bit more at That Joke—you know—every time the blue light goes on. Ha, ha! "2 LO calling!" Good days, Mr. Gizzick, what?

We put this theory to a BBC boy and he admitted it, adding that the great problem is grouping. For example, some "advanced" elements of the Savoy Hill 1924 Class were ripe for a good laugh as early as 1942.

Expert

AMONG the latest German generals captured by the U.S. Eighth Armoured Division we observe Himmler's brother-in-law, who bears the remarkable name of Heinz Kokott, oddly suggestive of a German lady of easy virtue finding herself in 57 different varieties of the soup.

What impresses us particularly about General Heinz Kokott is the fact that he illustrates one of those very rare 100-per-centainties in human relations. It takes no psycho-analyst to deduce that Frau Kokott led a spoiled and pampered life, and that the Kokott ménage was notable for smoothness. (You find the same smoothness prevailing to some extent in British households where the wife's brother is a Harlequins half-back, but what a difference!)

Many retired generals are essentially men of peace, except in domestic life. Their households in consequence are all curry and scurry. We suggest that if General Kokott were released for special duty in Cheltenham—say a course of lectures on domestic science—many retired generals' wives would lose that habit of leaping to attention when a ton of Derby Brights is shot down the coal-hole.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Dear Ethel—this island's full of friendly beasts and beastly friends"



Hay Wrightson
Miss Prudence Rennick is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Alex de C. Rennick and Mrs. Rennick. The Rennicks' home is at Lichborough Hall, Northamptonshire



Fayer
Miss Alida Brittain is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., and is to be congratulated for having served over four years in the forces. She is a daughter of Sir Harry Brittain, K.B.E., of Headley, Hants., and the late Dame Alida Brittain



Hay Wrightson
Miss Angela Palmer Douglas is working for the Wounded, Missing and Relatives Department of the Red Cross in London. She is the only daughter of Mr. Archibald Palmer Douglas, younger of Cavers, Roxburghshire, and Mrs. Palmer Douglas

In and Out of Uniform



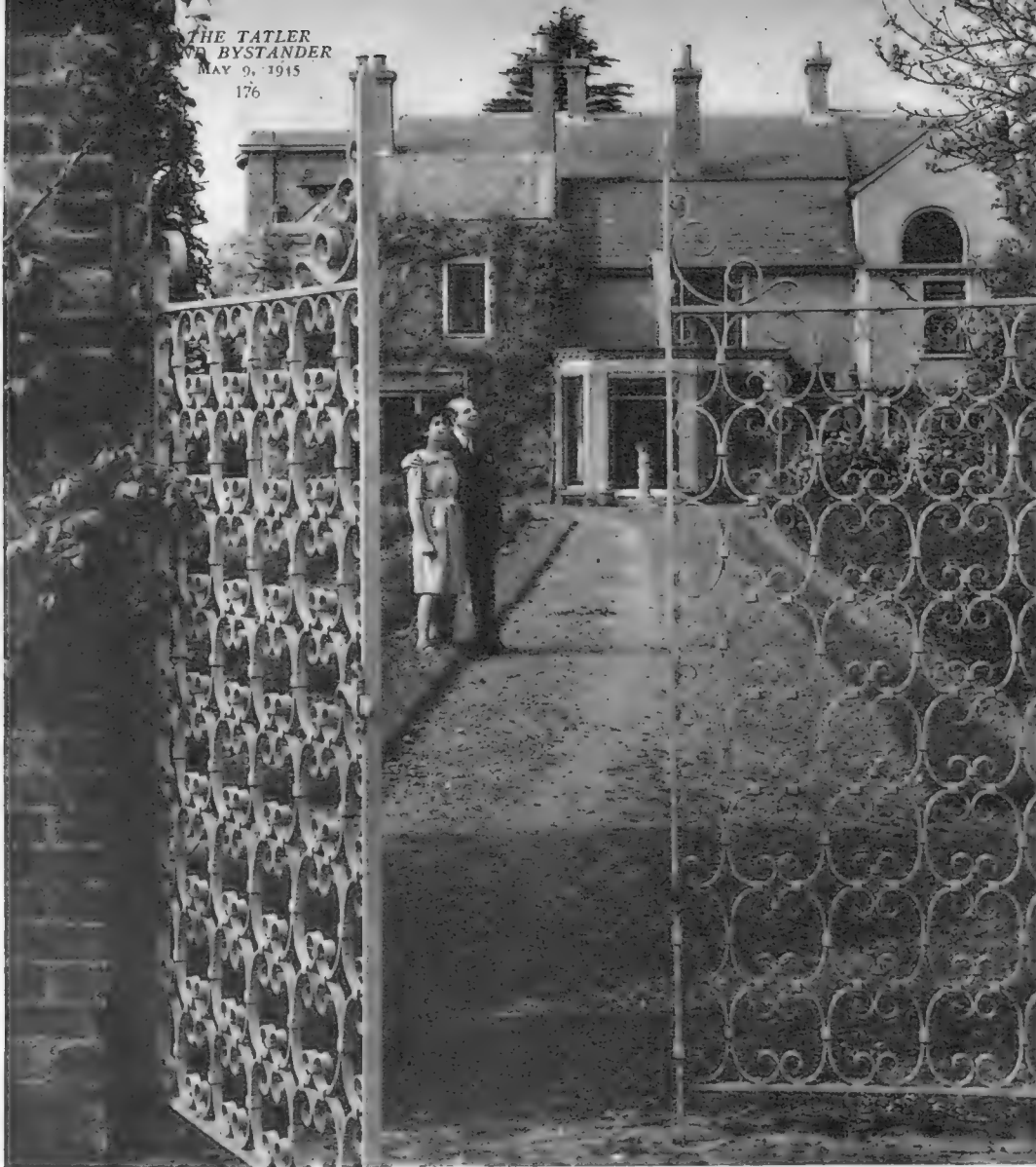
Miss Elisabeth Aubrey-Fletcher works at the Foreign Office. She is the daughter of Sir Henry Aubrey-Fletcher, D.S.O., and Lady Aubrey-Fletcher, of Chilton House, Aylesbury



Miss Angela Stacey is the daughter of the late Thomas Stacey, and Mrs. Stacey, of Buckingham. She is now working at the Foreign Office, and was formerly in the M.T.C. She is a niece of Hilda Duchess of Richmond



Fayer
Miss Mary Colquhoun has been driving in the W.R.N.S. for a year. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Iain and Lady Colquhoun and a niece of the Duchess of Rutland



Lawford House, Manningtree, from the Park

A Place of One's Own

Mr. R. J. Minney, Producer of the Plaza Film, Has a Very Nice Place of *His Own*

The First Cuckoo: Mr. R. J. Minney and his daughter, Primrose, listen to the first cuckoo in the rose gardens of Lawford House, which are thrown open to the public twice yearly for hospital charities



The Sunken Rockery is a Feature of the Grounds



Correcting Proofs of a New Novel in the Library



The Dressed Lady: the portrait of Catherine of Braganze by Sir Peter Lely inspired the hair and dress styles used in one of Mr. Minney's most recent films



Family Portrait: Mr. R. J. Minney with his wife, Edith, who is a well-known pianist, and their two children, Robin, aged thirteen, and Primrose, aged sixteen, pose with their dog Conker in the porch of Lawford. The house is set in 75 acres of gardens and parkland in the very heart of the lovely Constable country

● Mr. R. J. Minney is one of Britain's latest recruits to the film industry, and must already be one of our busiest producers. His first picture, *Madonna of the Seven Moons*, proved a phenomenal success. His second, *A Place of One's Own*—an adaptation of Sir Osbert Sitwell's novel—which opened at the Plaza Theatre last week, seems likely to prove a worthy successor. When not busy at Gainsborough Studios, Mr. Minney spends his time at his beautiful country home near Manningtree, which has grown through the years from a sixteenth-century cottage to a dignified eighteenth-century mansion. It was in the library of Lawford House that Mr. Minney wrote his famous biography *Clive of India*, his play *Gentle Caesar*, in co-operation with Sir Osbert Sitwell, and many other well-known books and plays. Mr. Minney is now at work on *The Magic Bow*, a film based on the life of Paganini and for which Yehudi Menuhin will make the necessary recordings



The Yew Walk of Lawford Dates Back Hundreds of Years



Mr. and Mrs. Minney Inspect the Pergola



Fred Daniels

Star Stakes

Anne Crawford: A Gainsborough
Entry

A comparative newcomer to films, Anne Crawford is already well on her way to stardom. She made her debut in 1942, and a year later her performance opposite Eric Portman in *Millions Like Us* brought her a long-term contract with Gainsborough Pictures. Next week Anne Crawford will be seen at the Gaumont, Haymarket, in her latest picture *They Were Sisters*, which is to have its world premiere in aid of the Lord Mayor's Appeal for the Royal and Merchant Navies. Of medium height, with green eyes and very fair hair, Anne is a keen rider and skater. She writes poetry and plays; in fact, her earliest association with the stage was at the early age of ten, when she wrote, produced and acted in her own play. Recently, Anne has been in Europe, touring the front lines of France, Belgium and Holland in an E.N.S.A. production of *Love in a Mist*

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

Commando Signature Tune

THIS is it. "One more ribber to cross!" The only trouble about it is that these Commandos have gone so fast that there is not very much more water-jumping in front of them. This little paragraph may be quite out of date by the time that it is published. Perhaps, however, they are thinking of the Yangtse Kiang? Judging by the way they and their Buddies have thrown the others behind them, I think we can back them to fly this one in their stride, if given the office so to do. In the meanwhile, however, the one thing that everyone must do is to keep their hair on. I have never forgotten what George Williamson, Manifesto's gallant jockey, always used to say about a tooth-pick. It compels you to keep your mouth shut; a most important thing in a steeplechase. It may prevent a hoof-full of divot going down your throat: it will certainly help you to preserve your wind. You can start whistling a tune *after* you have pulled up, if you feel like it, *but not until then*.

Congratulations

WHILST tendering them to one of the most distinguished of the new R.A.s, I think all hunting people, at any rate, must have regarded it as an artistic calamity that Mr. George Belcher never painted Lord Lonsdale's portrait, for with his great command of flesh tints and his other knowledge, no one could have done it better. The project was afoot, but I remember Mr. Belcher telling me that, as it was to happen during the hunting season, it was very difficult to tie the hard-riding Yellow Earl down to definite times for sittings. The creator of "The Cornet Player," and many others, was the only man who could have done the fullest justice to such a portrait. Mr. George Belcher, incidentally, is not averse from going out hunting himself, and so was a kindred spirit.

Classical Education

IF High Peak had not won the Chatteris I shake as comfortably as I am persuaded that he did, it would have been quite useless going on with him. Royal Charger, his challenger, is not out of the top-drawer, strictly on The Book, and his getting to within three-quarters of a length of one that is may have



D. R. Stuart

A Former Junior Lawn-Tennis Champion

Mrs. Ewan Macpherson-Grant, photographed with her seven-months-old daughter, Clare Nancy, has played regularly at Wimbledon. She is the wife of Major Macpherson-Grant, who is the heir-presumptive to Sir George Macpherson-Grant, of Balhundredallach Castle

been deceptive to anyone who did not see the race. It was only on sufferance, and it was obvious that Harry Wragg need not have drawn it so fine. I do not think that High Peak has a pain in his temper, even though he did lay his ears back when he saw the flail, and it is any calculable odds upon his staying. Chamossaire was well beaten as they went into The Dip, and on this gallop we ought not to have him on our minds any further. The other recent event, the six-furlong Castle Plate, at Windsor, bids us not to think again of Isle of Capri where any classic race is concerned; that is *prima facie*.



Dennis Moss

Whipper-in to the Cotswold

Miss Rosita Seldon-Truss, seen here with Rupert, has been sole whipper-in to the Cotswold for the last three seasons, hunting two days a week. The Master, Lt.-Col. C. Heber-Percy, is away commanding a battalion of the Welsh Guards

She started at 100 to 30 on, and only looked like a racehorse for about half a mile. The stable had the star jockey, Gordon Richards, on her, and his report was that she was as dead as a female bloater a little beyond the half-mile. She finished tailed off. Unless she was amiss there is no excuse. I am sure, however, that she must have been, and that it would be wise to withhold condemnation. There is this further, that Windsor, Chester and "Ally Pally" form is always a bit suspect. If we took this gallop on its paper value, Isle of Capri has no chance whatever of beating either Mrs. Feather or Sun Stream over any distance. It was decided after this Windsor race not to run her in the One Thousand.

Looking at Them

THERE has never been a wiser saying than: "Who shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or horse?" Cardinal Wiseman might be responsible for the remark, but he was not. It is equally true to say: "What is one man's fish may be another man's poison"—or poisson, have it whichever way you fancy! Therefore, in trying to set down a few little pen-pictures of some of the three-year-olds for the benefit of various enthusiasts who, unhappily, cannot be

(Concluded on page 180)



British Empire Services Hold a Rugby Ball in London

Guests were received by Mrs. Whittaker and Major-Gen. Whittaker, chairman of the British Empire and Inter-Services Rugby Club. With them here are Mr. E. de Lissa and Capt. Jack Peterson, the boxer

Mrs. Norah Collins and Vice-Admiral E. L. S. King shared a joke with Major-Gen. Ducho, who is in charge of the French Rugby team, and Mr. Stuart Forsyth, of Edinburgh

Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

with us at the moment, I preface the following with the protective—"provided always" that you accept them as purely personal, and remember also that handsome is as handsome does. I am going to talk about looks only, not pedigrees or performances. So here goes:

Dante: A good brown in colour. Shutting one's eyes very tightly so as not to allow prejudice to creep in on account of his really brilliant performances, I should say that he is more on the leg than I like. He is a bigish one, and looks bigger than he is. He is much better-looking as a racing machine than Nasrullah. His best point, to my way of thinking, is that he is so well let down, and, with short cannon-bones and legs that look hard and flat, there is a lot in him to admire. He carries no top-hammer—a tremendous asset—and his neck and shoulders it would be picknickety to fault. Whether he fills the eye as a "wolf," who will gallop on for ever, is another matter. You, or the next chap, may not like him. I have just jotted down the bits of him which strike me.

High Peak: A good, hard-coloured chestnut—and he looks that way also. He has two disfiguring white stockings behind and a white sock on his near fore, also an unattractive blaze which does not aid his not very good-looking head; but the rest, I think, is all according to Cocker. I do not know his hip to hock measurement, but whatever it is does not matter much, for it is in the right proportion to the rest of him, and is, I think, unquestionably his best point. Here, again, I should think was a particularly sound one. He has the best of hocks—big, flat and powerful. He looks the kind that might go loping along for ever; but this we have yet to find out. He will not be the worst-looking colt that starts for the Derby.

Sun Stream: Another chestnut (and another Hyperion, like High Peak). The pick of the whole basket pretty nearly—on looks—according to me, and if I had not said "no pedigrees—no form," I could say so much more. It is such a poor pursuit trying to find a fault, and I resign the unequal contest in this case and just quote someone else. "He" says: he thinks she is a bit loaded in front, and a bit inclined to be too straight. Personally, I disagree; however, it is a supposedly free country—at the moment!

Court Martial: I think Lord Astor's chestnut colt is the most beautiful outline of a thoroughbred I have seen for years. I would defy anyone to pick a hole in his make and shape, which is all that is being collected in these little pen-and-ink sketches. "Master" has said that he will not run in the Derby, because he distrusts the breeding, and so there is no more for anyone else to say; but Court Martial is



D. R. Stuart

Eton's Rugby XV. Have Scored 221 Points Against Opponents' 74

Eton's Rugby XV. have had the most successful term for many years. They have won seven and lost two fixtures. On ground: J. Chichester-Constable, "Topsy" the mascot, H. R. Hall. Sitting: T. E. Bridges, V. L. Stratton, R. T. Gibbs (captain), N. A. Gibbs, C. R. D. Rudd. Standing: L. J. Alexander, M. Hicks, J. P. Sweet, Mr. J. Coats (Rugger Master), R. D. Neame, G. B. Fairbairn, W. R. V. Colville, T. A. Newton



Official War Artist Now R.A.

Mr. Alfred R. Thomson, A.R.A., the deaf-and-dumb war artist, has been elected Royal Academician. Well known for his fine portraits, Mr. Thomson, who was born in India, is 6 ft. 5 in. tall

the Adonis (an unlucky young pig-sticker!) of the whole party.

Sun Storm (Tornadic Colt): If one had to write about what he looked like as a two-year-old it would be a bit difficult to be polite. I did not like him, but the few months over his head since the Middle Park Stakes have made him more attractive. He is not as well let down as most people like, and he still looks to me to be a bit too much on the leg. However, there seems to be less daylight under him than there was when he was a two-year-old. He has none of dear old Solario's good looks.

Queen Christina Colt: A bay, rangey sort with everything to like about him, though he might not strike you that way at first glance. I think you would discover when you looked a second time that you were put to it to fault him. He stands over quite a lot of ground, despite the fact that he is no son of Anak. He is much nicer-looking than his stable companion.

Darbhang: A bay colt, and is a half-brother to Nasrullah, therefore of the house of Nearco, a fact which, I am sure, will make at least one of my friends in the line gnash his teeth. There is a lot to like about him. He is very good indeed in front—head well set on and neck into the right kind of shoulders. There is hardly room for a saddle on his back, and his stern propellers look the goods. I have not got his measurement, but I should say about 16.1. He is a powerful sort. Dastur, his sire, begat another I liked immensely, Umiddad. This one looks right—but what he is I just do not know at the moment, nor does anybody with any certainty.



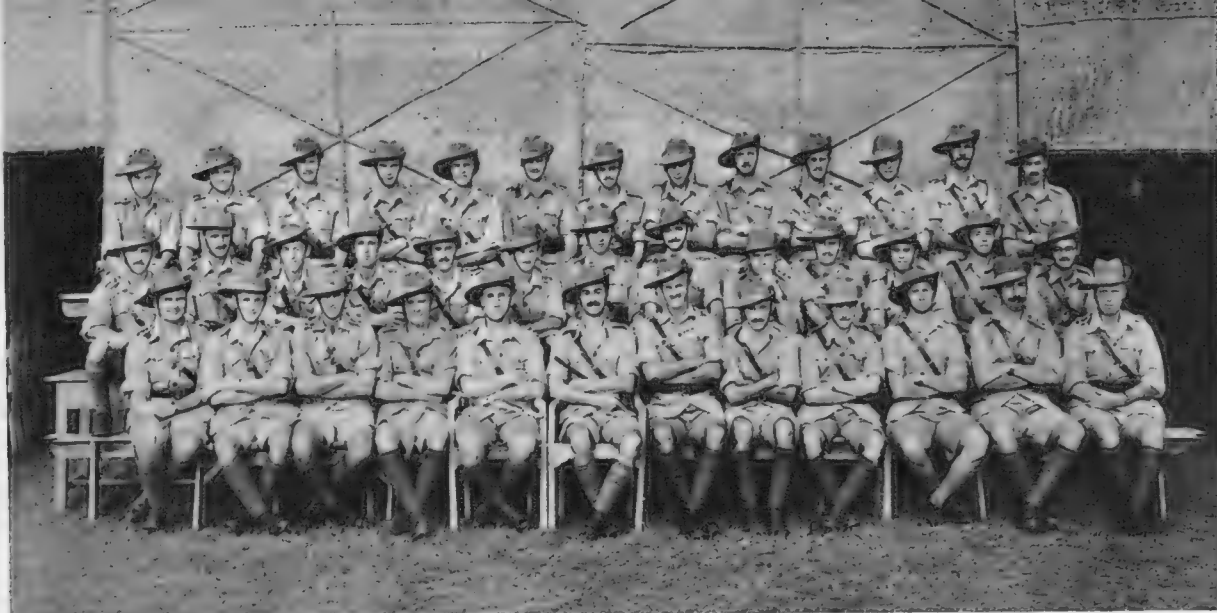
Oxford University Occasionals won the tournament by 2-0 in the final. Standing: J. J. Pearce (manager and spare man), G. De M. Croall, J. Owen. Sitting: J. Dossetor, Dr. J. E. Butterfield (captain), Rev. R. Bowdler, G. B. Grove



The runners-up—Bournemouth Sports Club—took their beating in the final cheerfully. Thirty-two teams in all entered, so the winners had to get through five rounds between 2 and 7 p.m.—no mean feat. Standing: P. H. Vye, D. Hope, M. Booth. Sitting: T. P. Mason, E. Jordan (captain), D. McReynolds

Annual Six-a-Side Hockey Tournament Played at Kinson, Bournemouth

D. R. Stuart



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal West African Frontier Force, Burma

Front row: Capts. A. M. Dickson, R.A.M.C., P. L. McArthur, A. F. Dawkins, Major T. Forrester, Capt. S. E. Drake, the Commanding Officer, Lt. (Q.M.) E. Sayers, Major H. F. Jones, Capt. J. K. Hopkins, A. R. McKellar, J. A. Bull, Capt. Rev. W. Gannon, R.C. Ch. Middle row: Capt. H. J. M. Hesketh, Lt. K. C. Hatley, Lt. M. J. Mitchell, Capt. F. P. Candy, Lt. R. C. Innes, Capt. E. A. H. Burgess, Lts. P. C. Woodham, R. A. H. Beaman, R. L. Terrell, A. G. King, D. Newton, J. M. Longstaff, Capt. J. W. Whiting. Back row: Capt. J. W. Green, Lts. L. C. Armstrong, T. L. Rose, P. Strickland, P. M. Pitt, M. C. Purkis, P. M. Clements, J. A. R. James, J. Sanders, C. W. M. Shite, M. D. Megginson, M. Dillon-White, R. F. Grocott

On Active Service



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a T.T. Command Radio School

Front row: F/Lt. P. D. Greenall, F/O. A. Milne, S/Ldr. J. M. Bothwell, S/Ldr. J. B. Burbidge, D.F.C., F/Lts. W. A. Scanes, G. Murray, R. E. E. Strachan. Middle row: F/Lt. S. C. Taggart, P/O. W. F. Willsher, F/O.s W. C. Cleaver, J. L. McLean, J. Slater, F/Lt. J. Wyatt. Back row: F/Lt. J. H. Turner, F/O. G. R. Wilkinson, F/O. P. A. Wigglesworth, P/O. A. G. Horn, F/O. S. B. V. Johnson



D. R. Stuart

Officers of a R.N. Air Station in Scotland

Front row: Lt. (E) J. Stobart, D.S.C., R.N., Lt.-Cdr. (E) E. Nash, R.N., Cdr. (E) W. G. Foster, R.N., T/Lt. (A) R. J. Tunstall, R.N.V.R., T/Elec. Lt. J. F. Corcoran, R.N.V.R. Middle row: T/Sub-Lts. G. Palmer, (A) H. Brocklesby, (A) J. Grant, (A) K. Swindells, (A) R. Fitzgerald, (A) W. McCombe, (A) R. I. B. Tavener, (A) P. R. Gatehouse. Back row: T/Sub-Lts. (A) J. K. Wharton, (A) L. S. Mills, J. Bates, A. R. F. Stevens, C. C. Allen, T/Mid. J. D. North, Mr. J. Milham, Wt. Aircraft Off.



Officers of a Battalion of the Highland Light Infantry

Front row: Capt. D. I. MacKenzie, Major W. H. McEwan, Major S. G. Greenaway, Capt. S. M. C. Thomson, the Commander Officer, Majors W. Bowie, J. Hemelryk, J. Leiper, Capt. R. F. Harbour. Second row: Capt. P. S. Marsden, M.C., A. Forsyth, G. W. King, G. A. F. Ramsay, A. R. Rowe, E. J. Vale, Lt. R. Judson, Capt. J. B. Taylor, Lt. E. A. Watson. Third row: Lts. G. M. Wilson, A. Jowett, M.M., C. A. Hall, J. Johnston, Rev. A. V. Logan. Back row: Lts. E. A. Collis, M.C., G. Maguire, D. H. McKee, J. Heywood, L. M. Mitchell



Officers of Base Staff H.M.S. St. Mathew

Front row: Lt. R. Hatfield (Q.M.), Capt. W. C. Hopkins, C. MacLennan, E. S. Youd, Lt.-Col. P. G. Solbe (C.O.), Lt.-Col. S. G. Cutler, Lt.-Cdr. P. G. Lawrence, R.N.R., Capt. E. R. Godfrey, T. J. Browne, D. D. Sellon, J. N. V. Currie. Middle row: Capt. L. M. Sivers, Capt. P. N. Dawe, Lt. R. B. T. Kennedy, R.N.R., Capt. F. B. Cox, Lt. C. J. Brewer, R.N.R., Capt. R. A. Mackay, Lt. G. Howard, R.N.R., Capt. L. H. Razzall, Inst.-Lt. W. H. Parry, R.N., Capt. R. G. H. Dyer. Back row: Lts. H. T. Barlow, C. L. Flanders, R.N.R., C. Helps, W. Jackett, T. Baker, G. R. Hogg, R.N.R., C. E. Marlow, A. F. H. Cooper

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

The Epic

FROM VIRGIL TO MILTON," by C. M. Bowra (Macmillan; 15s.), appears at what could not be a more appropriate time. The adjective "epic" is being applied to these days we live through and to the struggle of which we are in the sixth year. It would do us no harm to ask (though we may know vaguely) just what an *epic* is. Dr. Bowra's definition of epic poetry, and his examination of its general characteristics, precede his studies of Virgil, Camões, Tasso and Milton, in whose work we have four of its chief examples. *From Virgil to Milton*, let me make clear at the start, is not a book exclusively for the already learned: it would be the greatest pity were unambitious readers to pass it by. Without wide learning, obviously, it could not have been written. But most apparently, and not least valuably, the book is an overflow of a personal joy in literature. And such joy only comes from a sense of the vital inter-connection between literature and life.

An epic poem [says Dr. Bowra] is by common consent a narrative of some length and deals with events which have a certain grandeur and importance and come from a life of action, especially violent action such as war. It gives a special pleasure because its events and persons enhance our belief in the worth of human achievement and in the dignity and nobility of man.

Later, he says again: "The appeal of epic, whether primary or secondary, is to our admiration for human achievements." Surely epic poetry should appeal to us now? *From Virgil to Milton* is a strong invitation to seek it out for ourselves.

In his opening chapter, Dr. Bowra clears up any confusion that may have come from failure to appreciate the distinction between the "oral" or "authentic," and the "literary" epic; and warns us against what might be an instinctive prejudice against the latter. "While 'authentic,'" he says, "suggests the wild wood-notes of pure poetry, the inspired, direct and unpremeditated song of the poet whom culture has not corrupted, 'literary' suggests the derivative and the manufactured.... When the innocent student is first confronted by the antithesis between 'authentic' and 'literary' epic, he must surely feel that he should admire the first and be suspicious, if not contemptuous, of the second."

Thought and Action

"BEOWULF" and *The Song of Roland* are examples of the former, "authentic" class: they were spoken long before they were written down. The oral epic had a technique of its own; and this, Dr. Bowra says, has in Homer himself a transcendent development. "It is impossible to believe that

the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, as we know them, were ever improvised, but their technique is largely that of improvisation and comes directly from it.... Homer practises on a large scale an oral art which has grown out of improvised poetry."

The "literary" epic, on the other hand, came to birth in writing; and if it loses in heroic freshness, in spontaneity and in the magic arising from repetition, it gains in reflective power and intellectual form. The literary, as opposed to the oral, epic, is more than a picture of action; it is a concept of action. It relates one given action to all time. A political, religious, imperial or philosophic idea has inspired the great literary epics. And in each case it has been the greatness of the idea, and the forceful hold of the idea over the story, which has made the given epic immortal.

Literary epic [says Dr. Bowra], if we may judge from its best examples, flourishes not in the heyday of a nation or of a cause, but in its last days or its aftermath. At such a time a man surveys the recent past with its record of dazzling successes and asks if they can last; he analyses its strength, announces its importance, urges its continuance. Such a detachment does not belong to poets who write in the middle of a great struggle.... It may even be true that men do not begin to understand a great achievement or to look carefully at it until it is almost finished. In any case, when these poets set out to proclaim the greatness of a people or a cause



War Correspondent and Author

Douglas Reed's first novel, "The Next Horizon," which will be published by Jonathan Cape at the end of this month, is awaited with interest. Mr. Reed, whose latest portrait is reproduced above, is already well known both as an author and war correspondent. In 1938 his "Insanity Fair," followed by "Disgrace Abounding," established him as a political prophet of clarity and vision

or a system of life, their praise of it suggests that all is not so great or so glorious as it looks. If this occurred only in one case, we might ascribe it to the poet's temperament and leave it at that. But it occurs more than once and demands some other explanation. We are forced to conclude that the

full force of literary epic comes at the end of some great historical process and that the poet tries to sum up all the process has meant.

Destiny

WHEN, for instance, Virgil in the *Aeneid* wrote the epic of Rome, his concern, Dr. Bowra shows, was less with historical events than with their meaning, less with Rome at this or at that time than as it was from the beginning and for ever, less with individual Romans than with a single, symbolical hero who stands for the qualities and the experiences which are typically Roman. In the *Aeneid*—which was to be the model for all successive literary epics—the element not only of teaching but of instigation was strong: the poet of the Augustan Age expressed the wish of his Emperor that the vigour and gravity of Rome's founders should remain the ideal in Imperial days. In the *Aeneid*, again, Virgil set the precedent to be followed by later literary epics—a shifting of light away from individual glory, the glory for its own sake of the oral epic, on to the dedication of powers to a cause. The literary epic was thus sternly anti-romantic: where romance did creep in it had to remain subsidiary, and its prestige was doubtful.

As Virgil was inspired by the ideal of Rome, Camões, whose *Os Lusíadas* (or, *The Sons of Lusus*) was

(Concluded on page 181)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

BE the separation long or short, always we accuse ourselves when it is too late. Every harsh word, every item of that little less which makes such a world of difference, every studied denial which seemed to gratify us secretly at the time—all these things and many more return to us like spearheads piercing our conscience, adding to farewell a poignancy in which resignation has no part.

If only we had been a little kinder; if only we had left so many things unsaid; if only we had left so many things undone; if only we had proffered so very much more; if only we had sought to create a greater happiness, and not, as we remember to our inner chagrin, made that happiness less because the chance came when we felt irritable, selfish, in the mood to inflict pain. Thus we accuse ourselves, and the accusation hurts us the more because we can never seek forgiveness, never explain, never make up for the little sorrows, sometimes the big ones, which we inflicted consciously or unconsciously.

Nevertheless, the mood is fleeting. Gradually there returns to memory the moments when we were completely happy together; when there could be no occasion for self-reproach; when we not only showed our love but proved it. The old self-reproach recurs, but it becomes fainter as Time begins to colour the past in the fainter pigment of a dream. At last we comfort ourselves by believing that whatever we may or may not have done—and the hurts of omission are often more painful than those deliberately planned—the One we Love now understands and, understanding, forgives.

The same self-recrimination follows us throughout our lives whenever farewell slashes through the pattern of our days. The fact is, people simply cannot live together and always attain the best which lies within them. There are bound to come moments when even an alter ego gets on our nerves. Temperamentally speaking, men and women are not built to be relentlessly bound; not without intervals for mutual refreshment. We can even become bored by ourselves, anxious to get away from everything and everybody we know, even from our own strengths, our own weaknesses. It just cannot be helped—human nature being what it is.

Eventually, we have to take a very long view in both friendship and in love before we realise whether the sum-total has been happiness or the reverse. And, if it has been the latter, then we may comfort ourselves by the knowledge that this long view-point is shared by both, and that the happiness which remains behind in the memory obliterates all the sorrows and misunderstandings and pain which are inevitable in all human associations.

Always to be a yes-friend or a yes-lover usually signifies that neither has thrust down permanent roots. In both there is always something to forgive and, after all, forgiveness is often the basis of a more precious understanding; of ourselves as well as of those we love. The moral of it all is—never to give cause for regret when those who remain will eventually bid us adieu. But few of us ever profit by that moral. The next shattering separation will still find us torn by useless remorse. That is Life.



*Mr. Cowan Dobson and his wife
rest a moment in their lovely garden.
They are both very keen gardeners*

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson

A Celebrated Scottish
Portrait - Painter and
His Wife at Home in
Kensington



*In accomplished conjurer, Mr.
Dobson skilfully illustrates a trick
with cards, palette and brushes*

● Mr. Cowan Dobson, the well-known Scottish portrait-painter, lives with his attractive wife in a charming studio-cottage in Kensington. Mr. Dobson, whose most recent portrait-studies include paintings of King Haakon of Norway, and his son, Crown Prince Olaf, is at present preparing for his next one-man exhibition in London. Much of the artist's work is done at his Kensington home, but he frequently returns to his native Scotland, making his headquarters at Edinburgh. His wife, formerly Miss Phyllis Bower, has been the subject of many of Mr. Dobson's most striking portrait-studies. With her unusual and vivid beauty, Mrs. Dobson is probably one of the most-painted artist's models in this country. During the last war Mr. Dobson was an official portrait-painter attached to the Royal Flying Corps



*Left: Mrs. Cowan Dobson rests between
sittings at a window of her Kensington
home. Her rich white tulle and lace
dress and picture hat ante-date the
clothes coupon era by one hundred years*



*The artist is seen here at work on a por-
trait of Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, former
Assistant Secretary to the Treasury*

Priscilla in Paris

DO.A.H.: (Have you guessed what these letters stand for yet?) I am betraying no State secret by saying that the internal economics of this beautiful country are somewhat at sixes and sevens, with the balance leaning heavily towards the sixes. We grumble because it is the proper thing for the human animal to do when it finds itself on short commons, but we grumble lightheartedly and hope for the best in the near future. Looking at the map of Europe provides food for reflection, and it's amazing how sustaining that food is.

There are, however, a few minor mysteries that the innocent Parisian would like to elucidate. Why is it that one can so often buy in the streets what one cannot obtain in the shops? The other day I went through every draper's shop in the neighbourhood, from the big Bon Marché store to the little dark cubby-holes that abound in the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter, with the vain hope of obtaining a yard of elastic. I was greeted everywhere with pitying smiles or else with the triumphant sneer that certain shopkeepers reserve for their clients. One has the impression that they *enjoy* saying: "We haven't had any for the last three years," and one longs to kick 'em good and hard where they won't bruise, or if they do bruise, it won't show.

I gave up and, shrugging my shoulders—having become very French in the last five years—cast round in my memory to decide who would be the likeliest gentlemen of colour to tackle anent an old inner tube. (The dusky truck-drivers of the U.S. Army are very kind that way, and have supplied more garters to the fem-ee-nine Services than can possibly be counted.) But as I made my way to the motor pool on X—Street I was brought up short by a crowd that had gathered on the pavement somewhere along the broad thoroughfare of the boulevard Raspail. In the midst of the crowd was a nice little old woman behind a nice little folding table, and on that nice little table was an amazing array of bootlaces, black, brown and leather. Tooth-brushes—wooden, of course, and with strange bristles, but tooth-brushes, nevertheless—darning-cotton of every hue—except white, alas—and, best of all, cards of elastic, white, black, pink, flat, tubular, and even the fancy, frilly kind.

I glanced round nervously. On the other side of the street there was an agent de police, but he was looking the other way. Well, I bought what I needed at quite a normal price and edged out of the ever-growing crowd. The agent was crossing the street and coming towards me. My knees went woogly, but I needn't have worried. My vision of the nice little old lady being dragged off to prison, the names and addresses of her clients being taken and all the fuss and bother ensuing Black Market prosecution came to nothing. The Man in Blue merely formed the crowd into a tidy queue and went back to his lamp-post smiling. So what?

Another day, having missed my lunch, I felt peckish towards evening. I was without my tickets, and, being in uniform, dared not go to one of the Black Market pubs that, anyway, I can't afford. This again was a case of shrugging the shoulders. That same night, a couple of hours later, what did I find in the Metro on my way home? Two pretty little short-kilted wenches standing in one of the passages of the Sevres-Babylone junction with suit-cases wide open at their feet selling croissants, milk-loaves and chocolate! Obviously, they had scouts watching out on the corners, but otherwise there was nothing furtive about their business.

At the Concorde station one can often find refills for pocket lamps and torches in the lower passages where there are many exits and entrances, and flowers are much cheaper in the underground passages of the Metro than they are at the florist's. Barley-sugar sticks are another item, and jolly good they are too—quite the real thing, nothing sacchariny about them; price 20 francs for a stick the size of a small fountain-pen.

But, I ask, how are these things done? Or, rather—NO! I'm not asking. No questions, no complaints. Just a few facts recorded. All this is merely part of the sixes and sevens and the jumble that will soon become neat arithmetic. Just think: Frenchwomen are at long last allowed to vote, and are no longer to be classed with the criminals and lunatics. Not that the average Frenchwoman is politically-minded. If she is, her husband usually isn't (or dares not be, poor sap!), so she votes by proxy.

What women have done for politics in England may be done by Frenchwomen for France. It's merely a case of pulling up one's socks, and we are doing that AND finding the elastic to keep 'em pulled.

Bless you, D.O.A.H.—PRISCILLA.



Sous-Lieutenant Josephine Baker, the well-known stage and cabaret star of London, Paris and New York, has come back to London as a member of the *Auxiliaire Feminine*. She has been appearing with Noel Coward in a series of *E.N.S.A. shows on the Continent*, and will make a personal appearance with him in the *West End* on May 14th

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 182)

published in 1572, was inspired by the magnificent past of his own country. It is right, Dr. Bowra says, that the first epic poem which in its grandeur and universality speaks for the modern world should have been written by a Portuguese, for "the achievement of Portugal in the years between the first expeditions of Prince Henry the Navigator in the fifteenth century and its incorporation in the dominions of Philip II. in 1580 is one of the wonders of history." *Os Lusíadas*, which Camões had been writing, largely in exile, for twenty years, appeared, you will notice, early in the decade which was to be for Portugal that of disaster. The central, uniting theme of Camões's epic is Vasco da Gama's discovery of the sea-route to India in 1498. "Scholar and soldier, humanist and man of the world, Camões was uniquely fitted to write the epic of Portugal."

Camões's virility and experience were lacking in Tasso's *Gerusalemme Liberata* (*Jerusalem Delivered*), completed in Ferrara in 1575—three years after the publication of *Os Lusíadas*. The Italian was the rather more sheltered son of the Counter-Reformation and of the twilight of the Renaissance. Of *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which he defines as the Romance of Christian Chivalry, Dr. Bowra says: "It is a young man's poem, written out of his dreams and desires rather than out of his experience." The First Crusade is its central theme; and the element of instigation—to yet another, late sixteenth-century, crusade against the still-entrenched infidel powers—is strong.

To me, the most fascinating parts of *From Virgil to Milton* are the author's discussions of Camões and Tasso, of whom a number of readers may, like myself, have up to now known little. Their respective epics were made known to our forefathers: Sir Edward Fairfax published his English version of Tasso in 1600, and Sir Richard Fanshawe his version of Camões in 1655. (Dr. Bowra draws upon these translations, or approximations, in his footnotes.) But the final chapter, on Milton's *Paradise Lost*—the epic of the Destiny of Man—is not less, in its different way, superb: Dr. Bowra, perhaps, gains freedom for a more personal criticism by having a better-known epic as his point of departure. Milton, like his predecessors, also wrote in a twilight—the twilight of the Puritan high ideal—and, more than this, out of the darkness of his blindness. This discussion of Milton's Satan deserves a review to itself.

A Drunk

"THE LOST WEEK-END," by Charles Jackson (Bodley Head; 8s. 6d.), is an impressive, daunting and dauntless novel that comes to us from America—a country notably more advanced than we are in the austere literature of alcoholism. It describes the solitary journey of its hero, Don Birnham, an incurable dipsomaniac, through a long week-end drinking bout in New York. The time is pre-war—1936—and Don's age is, within a few years, that of the century.

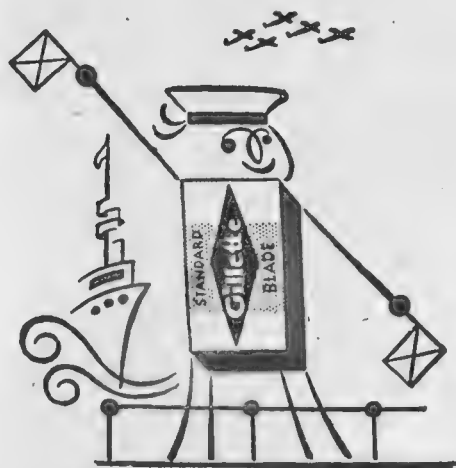
He supposed he was only one of several million persons of his generation who had grown-up and, somewhere around thirty, made the upsetting discovery that life wasn't going to pan out the way you'd always supposed it would; and why this realisation should have thrown him out and not them—or not too many of them—was something he couldn't fathom. Life offered none of those prizes you'd been looking forward to since adolescence (he less than others, but looking forward to them all the same, if only out of curiosity). Adulthood came through with none of the pledges you'd been led somehow to believe in; the future still remained the future—illusion: a non-existent period or a constantly-receding promise, hinting fulfilment yet for ever withholding the rewards. All the things that had never happened and yet were never going to happen after all. It was a mug's game and there ought to be a law. But there wasn't any law, there was no rhyme or reason; and with the sour-grapes attitude of "Why the hell should there be"—which was the nearest you ever came to sophistication—you retired within yourself and compensated for the disappointments by drink, by subsisting on day-dreams, by living in a private world of your own making (hell or heaven, what did it matter?), by accomplishing or becoming in fancy what you could never bring about in fact.

Solitude, dislocation from the substantial world, phases of megalomaniac exaltation alternating with slumps into guilt and injury, and the constant crazy intrigue to obtain money in order to buy drink—for the two who love him, his brother Wick and his friend Helen, vainly attempt to cut off supplies; and, as Don exclaims, bitter: "They think of everything!"—run through *The Lost Week-end*. Don drinks alone. Here we have none of the social cracks and glazed amorosness of gregarious groups of drunks, which, to me, are not less revoltingly boring (and they could not be more so) in novels than they are in real life. *The Lost Week-end* courts comparison with, though it in no sense derives from, the terrible last chapters of another great American novel, John O'Hara's *Appointment in Samarra*.

This, as I have attempted to show, is by no means a novel for everyone. If you do not like the sound of it, do not read it. In my own estimation it ranks high.

Far from the Same Thing

AURA WHETTER is so accomplished a story-teller that in *Glass Houses* (Ward Lock; 8s. 6d.) she gets away with a pretty bold breach of the novel's rules—she abandons her original hero and heroine for quite another pair, introduced only half-way through. Olive's ill-used husband, Stephen, becomes Paula's love, and is to be Paula's "past" when she marries Phil. Phil's own considerable record as a Lothario does not make him take a kind view of Paula's earlier lapse—in a woman, that is not the same thing at all. Myself, I found Stephen far more attractive than Phil, and I wondered whether Miss Whetter intended this?



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*From a Major on the North West
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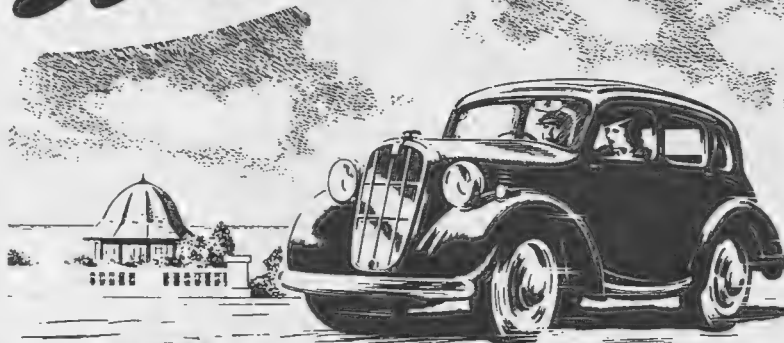


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Although the fight for freedom is not yet won, there is some justification now for thankful celebration. Men and women are coming home after many months of active service overseas, and all over the country small parties are being given to welcome them.

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For the great occasion—the welcome-home—what could be more lovely than a dress of red, white and blue? Designed by Debenham and Freebody in pure silk crepe-de-chine, the red and blue flowers are a brilliant splash on dazzling white. The shaped bodice, with its heart neckline, buttons down the back, the hip gathering giving a lovely fullness to the flowing skirt.



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Jamal
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BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE following are "slips" from newspapers in the States:—

From the society column of the Youngstown *Jewish Times*: "Cpl. Isadore Bradlyn spent the week-end with his wife, Selma. He was awarded the good-conduct medal."

* * *

Item from the Cincinnati *Post*: "Representatives of teachers' organizations appeared before the board to ask for a further cost-of-loving adjustment in wages."

* * *

A note in a small-town paper read: "Family lawyer will read the will next Monday morning at the residence of Timothy Hallahan, who dies February 29 to accommodate his relatives."

A COMMITTEE was appointed by the magazine *Redbook*, U.S.A., to study the question of how best to hold a wife, and a selected list of husbands was written to. The only reply received was from a certain western prison. It stated briefly: "I found the best way was around the neck, but it should not be overdone. Please note change of address."

THE woman candidate at a by-election was canvassing, and called at Mrs. Grimm's.

"And I hope," she said, in conclusion, "that your husband is going to support me."

"Lumme, missis—you've got some 'opes, you 'ave! Why, I've been married to 'im for nigh on twenty years, an' scarcely 'ad a penny out of 'im!"

SOMEONE once wrote to a well-known humorist and asked for instruction in the writing of funny paragraphs.

The humorist replied: "It is not at all hard to write funny paragraphs. All you have to do is to procure a pen, some paper and ink, and then sit down and write them as they occur to you. It is not the writing but the occurring, that is hard."

THE theatrical producer was giving an audition to a man with a new act.

Producing a puppy from his pocket, the man placed it on the piano, whereupon the puppy calmly proceeded to play part of one of the operas.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed the producer.

"I'll book you at £200 a week for that."

"But that's not all," said the man, producing from another pocket a parrot, which, perched on the piano, sang an aria from the opera to the puppy's accompaniment.

Almost speechless by now, the producer managed to bring out an offer of £400 a week for that.

"Well—er," said the man, nervously, "before you decide, I must tell you this act is a bit of a fraud. You see, the parrot can't sing a note. The puppy's a ventriloquist."

A JAP prisoner, asked who he thought were the best jungle fighters, replied: "Australians."

"Who are next—Americans?"

"No!" he said. "Japanese."

"Well, what about the Americans? Aren't they good jungle fighters?"

"Americans no jungle fighters," the Nip replied. "Americans remove jungle."

THE reporter was interviewing a famous man.

"And would you like to tell me what made you a multi-millionaire?" he asked.

The very rich man looked pensive.

"I think you can say my wife did," he replied at length.

"I see, her loyal help—"

"No, no. I was curious to know if there was any income she couldn't live beyond."



Gladys Cooper has come over from Hollywood to appear in the *Two Cities* film "Beware of Pity" which is just going into production with Lilli Palmer, Albert Lieven and Cedric Hardwicke in the leading roles. The above photograph was taken at a reception given to welcome Miss Cooper home. She is seen with her son John Buckmaster, now a corporal in the U.S. Army.

Two strangers met at an hotel dance. "Can you make up a dress tie?" whispered one. "My wife always does mine and I'm lost without her."

"I can," was the reply. "Come to my room." They went to the room and the clever one ordered the other to lie down on the bed. The tie was beautifully made up.

"Why had I to lie on the bed?" asked the first. "Oh! I'm an undertaker and that's the only way I can do it."

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"66"
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Flying Ships

FLYING boats go up and down in favour. My own view has been that in the very large size aircraft they have advantages over landplanes. Seventy-ton flying boats have been flown; 100-ton flying boats are being built and there is no difficulty in imagining 500-ton or even 1,000-ton flying boats.

Now the very large Consolidated 37 land-plane, which is to weigh somewhere between one and two hundred tons, seems to me to be somewhere near the limit for that kind of machine. I believe that if it were in existence today it would be unable to make a useful flight of any kind because, although there is one aerodrome which has runway surfaces capable of taking it, there is only one. So the great machine would have to do what some private owners used to enjoy doing, that is circuits and landings, hardly a dignified activity for the world's biggest air liner. The reason is that the tyre pressures are so high that a runway wants about a foot of concrete to stand up to them if such a machine were operating. There is nothing impossible about runways with even more concrete in them than this. But when the water can allow a 1,000-ton hull to nestle comfortably in it, it seems somewhat strange to ignore that advantage.

Air Lagoons

IT is partly because of the inherent suitability of water as an alighting and taking off and supporting medium for extremely big aircraft, that so much interest attaches to the new method of handling large flying boats proposed the other day by Mr. A. Gouge. Mr. Gouge has more experience than any one living in the design of both very large land-planes and very large flying boats. His Stirling bomber and his Empire flying boat are still—as a pair—unique in the world. Consequently he speaks with the fullest authority when he tells us that he expects serious difficulties with extremely large land-planes, but that he can see no insoluble problem in the very large flying boat.

Its one deficiency in the past has been the fuss and

bother of boarding the boat and of handling it on the water. This is where Mr. Gouge's new air lagoon idea comes in. He has devised a scheme, which is to be developed in the near future, for enabling a flying boat automatically to attach itself to its main or nose mooring line. And thereafter a system of winches allows the flying boat to be drawn into a hangar or sheltered boat house where all loading and unloading can take place under cover. The water is to be in an enclosed circular lagoon.

Wanted an Aero Show

IN Paris there has been lately a small aero show. It brings back memories of the great Paris aero shows and makes one wonder if the time is not nearly ripe for the planning of an aero show in London. There has been a great deal of talk about the need for publicizing our aircraft. Some efforts to let the world know how good they are have been made. But to my mind there is nothing better for this purpose than an aero show, unless it be a flying display or air race. And the aero show has some advantages over the display or race in that it allows scope for the more detailed and technical side. I certainly believe that it would be a good thing if we were to begin now to prepare for a really grand aero show in London in 1947. It should be an all-out effort to introduce British air materials to the world. It would also be an opportunity to show that we really do intend in the future to be hospitable to foreign visitors; that we do intend to make London a city fit to live in or stay in, and not merely a hole or dump to do business in.



F/Lt. Geoffrey Dunfee, Night Fighter Pilot, who was reported missing some months ago, is now known to have lost his life over the Channel while chasing a flying bomb. Geoffrey was one of four brothers, all well known in the sporting world. Jack Dunfee is the only one of the four who now survives and it is at his farm in Sussex that Geoffrey's most constant companions, his two Alsatian dogs, are now living

Centre of Air Gravity

IN the days of the great Paris Aero shows, France was the centre of gravity of the aeronautical world. Afterwards the centre of gravity moved a little to somewhere between Paris and London—it was certainly in Western Europe. England was beginning to exert an influence on it. Now where is it?

Partly as a result of our mishandling of the Chicago Conference, I think that the centre of aeronautical gravity has moved to America. That is where all the important decisions about aviation are now being made; that is where all the international problems are being discussed. Whether it would have been possible to have kept the centre in this part of the world or not I do not know. But I do know that we took no very noticeable steps to keep it here.

And I fear that the centre of interest in private flying is also moving to America. I mentioned the thirty odd light aeroplanes now in existence over there the other day. And they are taking steps to free private flying as much as possible so as to encourage the greatest possible number of people to buy these machines. Here I am still in doubt about what the position is to be. Those who argue that

we cannot have the sky filled with private pilots are strong. Those who talk of the dangers of unrestricted private flying are also strong. I am inclined to think that it will be easier in the future to pass through the eye of a needle than to enter private flying in Britain. The whole of the tendency of government today is to suppress the activities of the individual and to permit only the activities of the "disciplined" gang.

Background can make or mar a snap

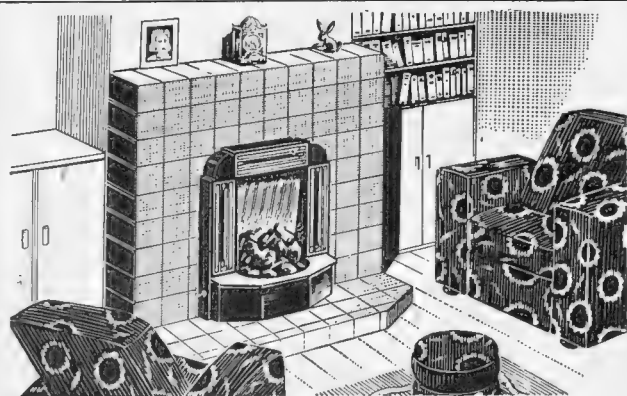
Never let background details 'steal the picture' as in the diagram. Choose a background that is simple and either much lighter or much darker than your subject. For portraits, sky makes an ideal background.

When you have no choice and must make the best of a poor background, take care about what is directly behind your subject—snaps are so easily spoiled if, for example, things apparently grow out of peoples' heads.

By the way—Moving the camera, even slightly, while you press the shutter prevents the picture from being sharp. Learn to 'click' with a slow pressure of the thumb or finger only—movement of wrist or forearm tends to jog the camera. It is best to stand with feet apart, camera in both hands, and elbows tucked firmly to your sides.



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The conductor pauses with baton poised; at his first movement, the cheers will break, for the war in Europe will be ended. And all over the land will rise a forest of faded and tattered flags, the strangest, shabbiest and proudest-ever emblems of pageantry. But after you have cheered a while, you may come to think that it is high time to be done with shabbiness, that patriotism is no longer incompatible with good clothes. And when you begin to think about good clothes, you will hardly be surprised to find your footsteps turning towards Covent Garden.

*Don't resist the urge.
And don't dally by the way.
Others will have the same idea.*



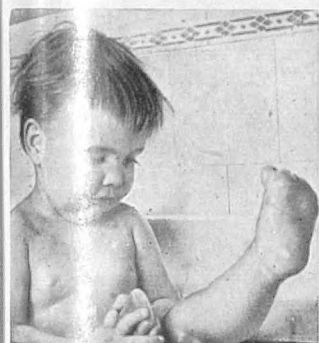
Lembar, Lembar everywhere...

... but *not* for you to drink, unless you suffer from colds, flu, acidosis, or biliousness. All healthy civilians must avert their eyes from the bottles of Lembar on the chemist's shelves, until peace allows all healthy civilians to follow their natural instincts and buy a round half-dozen.

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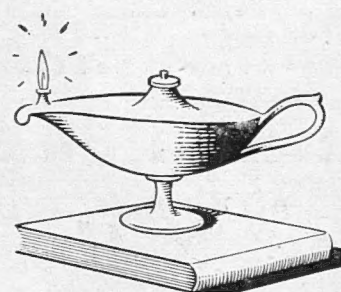
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Highland honours

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But here is the manner of it.

The Chairman rising and putting his left foot on his chair and his right on the table proposes a health with Highland honours. All the company rise and follow the Chairman's example, he then gives the following orders.

"Suas e Suas e Suas e" (up with it)

the whole company raise glasses above their heads

"Sios e Sios e Sios e" (down with it)

glasses lowered to breast level

"Null e Null e Null e" (thither with it)

all glasses held out the full extent of the arm

"Nall e Nall e Nall e" (hither with it)

all glasses brought back to the face.

The glasses are then drained completely (no heel taps), three loud cheers given and the name of the person toasted shouted. "A ris a ris" (again, again) brings a finale in an extra cheer and for especially honoured toasts glasses are flung over the left shoulder and smashed.

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